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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS.

*The Authorship of Junius elucidated, &c.*  
By John Britton. Smith.

THE word "elucidated" is an unassuming one, and can hardly, we think, be denied as a right to the lights which Mr. Britton has thrown upon this much vexed question. His theory is that Colonel Barré was the author of *Junius' Letters*, that William Greatrakes was his confidential amanuensis and agent in their transcription and disposition; and that Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, and Mr. Gunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, were his accomplices in the concoction of at least the later portion of these celebrated epistles. On the face of circumstances, there is very little, if anything, to impeach not only the possibility but the probability of this allocation; though there are certainly some facts, even in the letters themselves, which militate against it; and there may be others, which those who remember more of the particulars in the voluminous Junian controversy than we do, may be able to bring against the present evidence in favour of the Irish Colonel. That he fulfils most of the characteristic requisites for Junius must be admitted. His sufficient education, his early soldier life, his familiarity with the French language, his personal and political animosities and attachments; his military, parliamentary, and official career; his talents; his speeches in Parliament; his active life on the spot during the publication of the Letters, (i.e. from January 21, 1769, to May 12, 1772,) and his close intimacy with the statesmen named, are all favourable to Mr. Britton's supposition. Much stress is naturally laid on the facts that Dunning and Barré were both introduced into the House by Lord Shelburne, and sat for his boroughs; and also that they were his most constant and intimate associates at Bowood, whenever they were released from public affairs. A strong collateral proof is also sought in demonstrating that Barré was the author of an anonymous pamphlet, published in November, 1760, entitled, *A Letter to an Honourable Brigadier-General, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces in Canada*, and that the writer of this tirade against General Townshend was identical with Junius. There can be no doubt of the extraordinary coincidence in style and opinions. That Barré, the protégé and friend of Wolfe,\* had much reason to be irate with Townshend is quite clear, and that the King, the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Pitt, Lord Chatham, (at least for a season,) Lord Barrington, Lord Mansfield, and other persons victimized by Junius, had also given him cause of offence is apparent from every change in his chequered course; sometimes promoted, sometimes dismissed, sometimes holding rich offices, and sometimes deprived even of his half-pay! Their partialities in common, are shown to agree as consistently, in the individual cases of Sir Jeffery Amherst, Lord Shelburne, and others whom the bitter satirist spares or praises.

But here one of the objections occur—viz., Junius' attacks on Lord Shelburne, his own patron, under the denomination of the Jesuit Malagrida. Mr. Britton endeavours to explain this away, either as a ruse on the part of the writer to mislead inquiry (known to and sanctioned by Lord Shelburne, as part of the plan for overthrowing the Duke of Grafton's ministry), or that the secret was, for the few months it lasted, confined to the writer himself, for self-protection, and afterwards condoned by Lord Shelburne

\* It is conjectured that Wolfe's last dispatch to Mr. Pitt was composed by Barré.

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when the parties became more closely united for political purposes.

"In the latter case," Mr. Britton observes, "we must infer that at a subsequent time the Earl was made acquainted with the secret, and became a party to the later satires, under the signature of Junius."

"This last supposition is perhaps the more reasonable of the two; and although it may appear incredible that a writer of high principle, as Junius is generally supposed to have been, should, under any circumstances, assail his political benefactor, it will not be difficult to show, from the many inconsistencies and contradictions in the 'Letters' themselves, that the great satirist was capable even of the meanest falsehood and dissimulation; whereas, for the purpose of the present argument, it is merely suggested that Barré, to disguise and conceal himself and party, extended to the Earl of Shelburne a small portion of the censure which he lavished so abundantly upon Bute, Grafton, and other leading members of a corrupt and venal government; to whom, it is well known, Lord Shelburne was decidedly opposed."

"The hypocrisy and deception to which Junius had recourse, may be strikingly illustrated by reference to his conduct towards the Earl of Chatham. The reader has seen how bitterly Colonel Barré, in the outset of his career, assailed that able and estimable minister, and how (with a degree of political turpitude unsurpassed, though often equalled, in more recent times) he afterwards became his warm adherent and panegyrist. Junius at different times expressed conflicting sentiments upon that statesman's conduct; and moreover it appears by the *Chatham Correspondence*, that at the very same period when he was stigmatising the Earl of Chatham, in the *Public Advertiser*, as an 'idiot,' a 'lunatic,' and a 'traitor,' he addressed his lordship privately in terms like these:—'If I were to give way to the sentiments of respect and veneration which I have always entertained for your character, or to the warmth of my attachment to your person, I should write a longer letter than your lordship would have time or inclination to read.'

"Surely the existence of such profound dissimulation will justify us in considering that probable, which would otherwise appear most unlikely; namely, that Barré, as the writer of these Letters, was capable of attacking his patron, in order to shield himself from discovery whilst pursuing more important objects."

Another of the most forcible objections is the bequest of a large sum to the Marchioness of Townshend, by Barré, at his death in 1802. Mr. Britton has been unable to find his will, but has no doubt of the truth of this statement; and to those who may think it strange that he should enrich the wife of the man he hated, he answers—"The explanation is, however, obvious. The Marchioness was his lordship's second wife, and was not married to him till the month of May, 1773, a date which so immediately followed the termination of Junius' writings, that there was possibly some connexion between the two circumstances. The lady had been long previously acquainted with the Colonel. Her brother, Richard Montgomery, was present with him in the attack upon Louisbourg (under Amherst and Wolfe) in 1758, and they were afterwards quartered together at Montreal. After the peace of 1763, Montgomery came to England, and lived for nine years in cordial intimacy with Barré and other eminent politicians."

It is added: "Anne Montgomery,—the Marchioness of Townshend,—is said to have soothed by her affectionate attentions the declining days of

Barré, who was a frequent visitor to his former antagonist, the Marquess. Probably, as the inquirers after Junius have frequently suggested, the reason of his silence on the subject, after the completion of the Letters, may be found in his unwillingness to acknowledge strictures on his own personal friends."

How far this reasoning may be deemed satisfactory we leave to the reader; and will only notice that at least as great, and, in most of the cases, much greater discrepancies occur to invalidate the pretensions of—let us see—of Charles Lloyd (private secretary to George Grenville), J. Roberts, S. Dyer, Single-Speech Hamilton, Burke, Butler Bishop of Hereford, Rosenhagen, General Lee, Wilkes, Macanlay Boyd, Dunning, Flood, Lord George Sackville, Horne Tooke, Dr. Wilmot, Leonidas Glover, the Duke of Portland, De Lolme, Sir Philip Francis (the favourite in the field), the Earl of Chesterfield (coming forward, as we are told), Lachlan Maclean, and, for aught we know, others, either as secretaries or tools, in various ways supposed to be connected with the mystery. Lady Francis, it is reported, is about to produce farther proofs in support of the claims of her late husband to the honour; and it seems as if the rumoured sealed depositories at Stowe were (if they exist) destined to remain unexplored. We always imagined that the death of George Grenville would "elucidate" the authorship; but he has passed to the grave and not a sign appeared. There was, therefore, more room for Mr. Britton's contribution, which, we must say, has interested us much, notwithstanding the fault of some repetitions and an illiberal national attack on Scotchmen, page 21, for which we have had a good mind to give him a dressing. Bidding our time to do so, there are two points of considerable importance to his hypothesis, which we must notice before we close. The first relates to Mr. Greatrakes, already mentioned as the amanuensis and messenger of Barré, who lies buried in Hungerford Churchyard, with the following inscription on his tombstone:—

"HERE ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF WILLIAM GREATRAKES, ESQ., A NATIVE OF IRELAND; WHO, ON HIS WAY FROM BRISTOL TO LONDON, DIED IN THIS TOWN, IN THE 52ND YEAR OF HIS AGE, ON THE 2ND DAY OF AUGUST, 1781.  
Stat Nominis Umbra."

Upon this Mr. Britton pertinently remarks—"The motto of Junius, thus remarkably affixed to the epitaph of a comparatively obscure individual, was certainly calculated to excite curiosity; but there were other circumstances attending the death of Greatrakes, at the Bear Inn, Hungerford, which tended greatly to encourage the opinion that he was intimately concerned in the Letters of Junius. These circumstances have been occasionally noticed by writers on Junius, but never with the attention they deserve. Without anticipating the facts and arguments which will be hereafter adduced respecting William Greatrakes, it will be sufficient, in this place, to observe that he was personally connected with both Colonel Barré and Lord Shelburne, and that the persevering inquiries which I have lately made respecting him, have convinced me that he was the amanuensis employed by Junius to copy his Letters for the *Public Advertiser*."

The other point to which we would refer is the remarkable painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1784, (an engraving of which is prefixed to this volume,) in which the trio, Shelburne, Dunning, and Barré, are represented on the same canvas. To our minds, this is a most striking and impressive circumstance; and we do not hesitate to say that we

\* Seen by Mr. Britton, in 1797. Q. Does it still remain?  
—Ed. L. G.

consider it to be one of the best arguments Mr. Britton has produced.

A very clever title-page, by Fairholt, adds another item to the merits of the publication.

#### TIMES OF CHARLES I.

*The Court and Times of Charles the First, illustrated by authentic and confidential Letters from various public and private collections, &c.* Edited by the Author of "Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea," 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

A WORK so like that we recently reviewed, *The Court and Times of James the First*, so exact a fac-simile in binding and size, and likewise containing so much that no one would greatly desire to recollect, that a careless critic might really mistake the real Simon Pure; and we ourselves were nearly attributing an excess of courtesy to the publisher, when we received what at first sight appeared to be a duplicate of the first published work. We are compelled to confess that we are not very much fascinated with either, and the present being, if possible, more dull than the former, and its marrow having long since been ably extracted from the original documents by competent historians, the object of publication is not very visible, although ushered in by a flourish of trumpets about interest, importance, &c. Not a word is said of the source whence the letters are taken, beyond the general assertion, that "much the greater portion" of the work proceeds "from the same influential and well informed authorities," which produced the volume relating to the previous reign. This is not quite correct, the collection before us evidently being chiefly compiled from the well-known MSS. of Mead, in the Harleian library. In this case, at any rate, Dr. Birch's copies are not alluded to; and the reader is left to his own inventions with respect to the original documents employed by the editor. The omission and misstatement are almost sufficient for us to conclude that he never saw the autograph letters, but wrote at haphazard from what he was told when the transcripts were placed in his hands for the purpose of publication.

We therefore repeat, our serious opinion, that the time has long since arrived for publishers to issue works of this class, not merely vamped up for light popular reading, but under the superintendence of able antiquaries, and with honest statements of their real nature and value. It is perfectly useless, nowadays, to attempt deception in matters of this kind, by promising amusement where instruction only is to be obtained; and it would surely be much more to the interest of all parties, to exhibit them in their true colours. The Camden and other societies have done much to dissipate this false system, and we believe one tolerably sized volume of that club would have contained everything of value in these works. This is, however, not to be considered, if the editor had selected articles of greater importance, and had not tried to attribute a fallacious degree of interest to those he has chosen. We are always most thankful for the dissemination of historical muniments, and the public owe much to those spirited publishers who have judiciously contributed in that direction.

*A Phenomenon in the Thames, June, 1626.*—"Yesterday, being Monday, we beheld a strange spectacle upon the Thames; for in the great storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the water began to be much troubled hard by the garden in Lambeth parish, over against Sir H. Fiennes' stairs. A sculler (being then tide of ebb) creeping along under the shore, was fallen into this troubled place before he could espy it, which was then so strong that it turned his boat six times round; yet, with hard labour, he and his fare escaped, and ran ashore amongst the willows; presently the water, very much ruffled like a mist, began to rise into the form of a circle, of thirty yards compass and ten feet high. The inside was hollow, and white with froth; without there was a lett of water, much condensed, and very black. This whirlwind of water (as those that will be wise call it, for you must not say it is prodigious) ran very impetuously down the

water, and beat itself again against the walls of York House Garden, at the very place where the Duke is building a pair of new stairs close by the house. There, with beating, it broke itself, a thick smoke; like that of a brewer's chimney, ascending from it as high as a man could discern. All this time the weather being very black, there appeared right over above it, as the beholders thought, a very bright cloud, to the amazement of Whitehall and many very great courtiers, who beheld it out of their windows, as did many hundreds more. During the storm, the wall of St. Andrew's Church in Holborn was beaten down, and many of the coffins of the dead, which lay there buried, discovered. It was not done by a thunderbolt; but, howsoever, the wall was very strong." And afterwards, in a subsequent letter—"To be more fully satisfied concerning the accident on the Thames, I wrote to Mr. Boswell, who answers me thus:—'There was such a meteor, June 12, as you enquire of, but whether a turbo, cataract, thunder-storm, or mass of crusty matter, it is not yet certain. I think it was the last; and that in the falling it opened, and so breathed forth a living smoke, which wrought round and coohlearwise, [?] as if it had been out of a brewer's chimney, for half a quarter of an hour. The greater parts fell at the sluice upon the banks fields, and so moved, encompassed with a mist, all appearing together as big as a colly barge. I say so moved like an arrow shot up the river, till it came right against the Prince's stairs at Whitehall, ever furrowing and casting up the waters in a great and foaming wave, until it thence descended as far as York House, where, against the garden wall, it rustled the waters and sank, raising a great and gross smoke, as if a boat of lime had sunk there. The violence thereof upon the waters was such, as two pair of oars and a sculler were cast back at least twenty or thirty paces. I leave you to judge what it was in nature, *ne quid dicam prodigii*.'"

The following curious lines on the Expedition to Cadiz, are worth quoting as a specimen of the humour of the time:—

"There was a crow sat on a stone,  
He flew away, and there was none:  
'There was a man that ran a race,  
When he ran fast, he ran apace:  
There was a maid that eat an apple,  
When she ate two, she ate a couple:  
There was an ape sat on a tree,  
When he fell down, down fell he:  
There was a fleet that went to Spain,  
When it returned, it came again!"

*The Book found in the Fish's Stomach.*—This curious relation may be new to many of our readers, but the anecdote itself is very well known:—"1626. I will now tell you of an accident here at Cambridge, rare, if not strange, whereof I was yesterday morning an eye-witness myself. A book, in decimo sexto, of the finger size, found in the maw of a cod-fish, then opened in our fish-market in the presence of many. In the same was two pieces of sail-cloth, one-half an ell at the least, of unequal breadth, but in some part very broad; the other about half a yard long, of the breadth of a pudding-bag. These found wrapped in the bottom of the stomach, the book above them. The title of the book, being opened, was on the top of every page, *Preparation to the Crosse*. It was printed in an English letter, which, by the fashion spelling of some words, as *sonde* for *sand*, *easay* for *easier*, and the like, seemed to be written about the end of King Henry VIII., wherein I was afterwards fully confirmed by some other passages, if all be of one author. When I first saw it, it seemed almost turned into a jelly and consumed. Yet, though it were loathsome then to handle or stand over, yet, finding the table of the two books of the *Preparation to the Crosse* in the middle part, and not so slimy, with a tender lifting of my knife, I read them all, put clean paper between the leaves to preserve them, and since subscribed all, being the contents of every several chapter. The first was, a *Preparation to the Crosse*, and how it must be patiently borne: I took special notice of two others:—'1. If thou be tempted of the faith of thy parents, as wherefore not thou (believe) that which

thy forefathers have believed? 2. If thou be tempted of strange religion, of worshipping of saints, pictures or images, or men.' There was another book at the end of these, in whose title leaf the first of the contents was, 'A letter which was written to the faithful followers of Christ's Gospel.' I saw all with mine own eyes, the fish, the man, the pieces of sailcloth, the book, and observed all I have written. Only, I saw not the opening of the fish, which yet many did, being upon the fishwoman's stall in the market, who first cut off his head, to which the maw hanging and seeming much stuffed with somewhat, it was searched, and all found as aforesaid. He that had his nose as near as I yesternorning, would have been persuaded there was no imposture here without witness. The fish came from Lynn. How they fed him there I know not."

Some of the letters are valuable, as affording information of the proceedings in Parliament at a time when records on the subject are somewhat scarce. We extract a passage from one, dated April 19th, 1628, which concludes with a singularly curious speech made by Sir F. Nethersole, exhibiting the strong feeling against the king's proceedings entertained by some of the independent Members of Parliament:—"On Saturday, Easter Eve, the case of the subject's personal liberty was argued in the Upper House, where, on the King's behalf, both forenoon and afternoon, pleaded Mr. Attorney against both it, and against the declaration presented by those four reporters of the House of Commons unto the Lords. Mr. Attorney, as it was told some of the Commons, was pleased to slight their arguments and precedents, and to say they were but lamely excerpted out of the original records, and made more against the Commons than for them; which, when Sir Edward Coke understood, he affirmed to the House, upon his skill in law, that it lay not under Mr. Attorney's cap to answer any one of their arguments. Mr. Selden said he wrote out all the records with his own hand, out of the Tower, the Exchequer, and the King's Bench; that they were truly and properly inferred; and that he would engage his head, Mr. Attorney, in all those archives, should not find any more precedent on that subject. Mr. Littleton said, the precedents were delivered unto him, and that he delivered them unto the Lords, and examined every one *syllabim* by the records; and that whosoever said they were mutilated, or imperfectly taken, spoke falsely. The same day came a startling message from his Majesty, delivered by Sir John Coke, which was this: 'His Majesty's Message to the House of Commons, on Easter Eve, April 12.—His Majesty having long since given timely notice unto you, both of the pressing occasions of the time, and his supply, and having since that, with long patience, expected some fruit of your promising beginning; but finding unexpected stoppage, tells you, he now looks for a present proceed in his affairs, laying by all unnecessary delays; and willing you to conceive, that though he was pleased to have all go hand in hand, yet he meant not the one should be an impediment or interruption to the other, and that time should be spun out unfruitfully. Therefore, he wills you to take heed you force him not to make an unpleasant end of that which hath been so happily begun.' Upon the delivery of this message the second time, (for the House so would have it,) all being sad and silent, up starts Sir Francis Nethersole, entreating licence of the House that he might report his last night's dream, with protestation he would truly deliver it. Whereat some laughing, he told them kingdoms had been saved by dreams. So they bade him go on. And this it was, according to the perfectest relation, I heard thereof. He saw two goodly pastures; a flock of sheep in one of them, and a bellwether alone in the other; a great ditch between them both, and a narrow bridge over that ditch. Here the speaker, with good words of his person, mildly interrupted him, saying it stood not with the gravity of the House to hear dreams. But the gentlemen desired to hear it out; so on he went. 'Sometimes,' said he, 'the sheep would go over unto the bellwether, sometimes the bellwether to the sheep. On a time, both met on the narrow bridge,



and the question was, who should go back, since they could not both go on without danger to be overthrown in the ditch. One sheep gave counsel that the sheep on the bridge should lie on their bellies, and let the bellwether go over their backs. The application to the House."

Part of the second volume is occupied with a curious relation of the mission of the Capuchin Friars, from 1630 to 1669, by Father Cyprien of Gamache, from a manuscript very often quoted by Miss Strickland in her "Memoir of Henrietta Maria." That popular authoress has certainly extracted the pith of the narrative, and perhaps made known every particular in it of much interest; but we are, nevertheless, well pleased to have a complete copy of the reverend father's history. We have now the means of deciding on its value in historical evidence, and are bound to say that, notwithstanding the bias which is apparent in every page, its style leads us to confide in it as a record of what the author believed to be true, and as conveying many truths amidst a cloud of exaggeration. It presents us with a curious history of the efforts made by the Roman Catholics to bring back the people to the old faith, and their utter failure, notwithstanding the zeal, activity, and piety exhibited under circumstances of persecution and hardship by these missionaries. We decline repeating from this section of the work information which has been already well appropriated by Miss Strickland; but the style and spirit in which it is written deserves an example, and we select the writer's account of means used to entrap the unwary Romanists:—

"I have said that those who are called in England pursuivants are infamous persons, most of them priests, friars, Catholics, apostates, blasphemers—in short, extremely vicious men—armed, nevertheless, with commissions for maltreating the Catholics to discover where Mass is said, for imprisoning those who attend it, for extorting money from them, and, above all, for hanging priests. One of these pursuivants, travelling in the country, fell in by the way with a priest in plain clothes, whom he took for a layman. He saluted him very civilly, inquired whether he was going, and, having learned this by the answer, he expressed great joy, because he should have the honour of his company, as business called him to the same place. Thus they proceeded together. They conversed about passing events, about the different religions in England; and in these conversations the priest, being upon his guard, was very reserved, and said nothing that could betray his character. This reserve caused the pursuivant to suspect that this man, so modest and so retiring, might possibly be a priest. He strove to discover him, put several questions, which the priest answered so adroitly that he left nothing for the pursuivant to lay hold of. At night, they went to a tavern and supped together. After supper the pursuivant retired to his bed, and affecting to be a Catholic, in order to catch the priest, he took from his pocket a long chaplet, muttering as if he was praying. The priest seeing him in this apparent devotion, believed him to be a Catholic, and, rejoicing at this meeting, he took out his breviary, which he kept concealed. This was what the pursuivant expected. Next morning, he had his companion thrown into a dismal prison. Ingenious but diabolical artifice of this wicked man, who in this manner surprised, imprisoned, and caused the death of several good priests. After so many crimes, could you ever have conceived what was to happen to him? Infinite mercy of God, how admirable art thou! This persecutor of the Catholics, being forestalled by mighty grace, turned Catholic, and died penitent. It is likely the priests whom he had martyred on earth obtained for him this signal favour in Heaven!"

#### THE WEST INDIES.

As we remarked last week, in the performance of our task to give as complete a reflex as is attainable of the proceedings, if not always the progress, of Literature and Science, we ought, perhaps, to have made our observations upon the important question which the above head will suggest, and which has been brought before us by many Pamphlets during the last

few months. But insulated publications of that kind are ill to grapple with, unless we had ten times the space to which our weekly labours are confined; and newspaper and parliamentary discussion, running along with the time, so thoroughly exhaust every possible view that can be taken, where such great interests are at stake, that our medium of contribution in the midst of the maelstrom, after all, be of very little consequence. Still, we are unwilling to allow the topic of so many publications to pass without a record in the *Literary Gazette*.

The pamphlets we have received are nearly all on one side, and some of the earliest are the most condensed and strongest in argument.

The *Claims of the West India Colonies*, (by J. Colquhoun, Esq.), of only twenty-two pages, shows unanswerably, that the sweeping measure of Negro emancipation was carried into effect without regard to those previous measures which would have made the transition safe, instead of deranging the whole West India system, destroying the fortunes of the proprietors, and sacrificing at one blow the prosperity of the colonies, and much of the commercial and industrial resources of the empire. On the Altar of Humanity was this sacrifice offered, without that due preparation which would have made it more rich, more welcome, more politic, and more effectual. Twenty millions of money, a sum that would have relieved the country from nearly, if not all, the internal distress it has endured, if wisely applied to emigration (say a million a year)—twenty millions sterling hardly sufficed to save the planters from immediate ruin, only to consign them to certain eventual bankruptcy. You took away the means by which they lived, and embarked in a crusade enormously expensive, and attended by a vast waste of English lives, in the vain endeavour to shut out slavery from foreign states and the competitors with your colonial producers. Year after year, some expedient was tried to remedy the evil thus brought on, and various schemes of partial immigration into the West Indies, to supply the vacuum in labour, were found to be ludicrous and abortive. The obvious consequences followed. You were quite able to prevent your own colonists from cultivating their estates at the cheapest rate, whilst you were incompetent to prevent their foreign rivals from working with more slaves and less cost than ever; and thus not only increasing the extent and horrors of the middle passage, but encouraging the perpetrators of these crimes to compete most favourably with your plantations, and supply Europe with sugars, coffee, molasses, rum, &c., at prices you have rendered impossible to Jamaica, and the rest of the British West India Islands.

Mr. C. Jay publishes a pamphlet of only eight pages, (Ollivier,) invoking national assistance to aid the colonists in retrieving their better condition; and, especially in providing a supply of "free-labour" in the room of that which was erased by "mad humanity."

On *Sugar Cultivation in Louisiana, Cuba, &c.*, Part I., and *An Examination of the Evidence of the Parliamentary Select Committee*, (Ollivier,) enters minutely into details, gives curious particulars of the mechanical and chemical manufacture of sugar from the cane, and offers suggestions for practical improvements, which, however, do not affect the international struggle.

Mr. James Window (pp. 16) lays down a digested plan for the employment of convicts in the British sugar-growing colonies: a help if practicable.

A *Report of the Committee of Commerce, Jamaica*, maintains that all distinctive duties between the produce of British industry and that of the foreigner do not necessarily fall to be abolished in consequence of the recognition of the principles of free trade. The committee claim a protection of at least 8s. per cwt., and adduce striking, we should say conclusive, arguments to prove the title to that consideration. Other favourable regulations are also required; and they demand to be freed from all shackles, if they are forced to submit to the losses imposed upon them in accordance with the doctrines of free trade; as, for example, permission to import from any part of the

world, and to export under any flag the most profitable to them.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have recently issued three pamphlets.

1. *A Letter on the West India Question* (pp. 16) claims a differential duty, to protect our fellow-subjects in the Antilles from the monopoly of the Negro markets.

2. *Remarks on the Present State of Jamaica*. By Dr. James Maxwell, (pp. 51,) who, looking into futurity, says—"The Sugar Bill of 1846 was passed to admit slave-grown produce, by instalments, till they were admitted into Great Britain (in 1851) on the terms of equality with our own free-grown produce. This measure was the climax of colonial misfortunes, and the fate of our colonies, for weal or for woe, must soon be decided. With the destruction of our West Indian colonies the monopoly will pass over into the hands of slave-owners, and they will not only have to supply the European Continent with sugar and coffee, but will also be expected to fill up the *hiatus* caused by the cessation of British colonial cultivation. Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil, even with all their unrivalled prosperity and superlative advantages, will find it utterly impossible to produce an additional ton of sugar without an accession of slave strength. The slaves in these colonies are at present overstrained. It is a fallacy, therefore, to think that they can produce 200,000 tons of sugar to supplement their present enormous crops, without an increase of African slaves, numerically equal to our British emancipated labourers. Should any such demand be required, the Americans will immediately abandon the cultivation of cotton," and apply themselves to the more profitable speculation of supplying the British market with slave-grown sugar. Such a procedure would involve the Manchester manufacturers in ruin. But apart from this, the importation of an additional quantity of slaves from Africa would be attended with the most disastrous consequences. Slavery would thereby be established on a firmer basis, and Britons be compelled to pay a monopoly price for sugar."

3. *Remarks on the Present State of the West India Colonies, and Suggestions for their Improvement*, (pp. 27.) The writer contrasts the presumed prospective advantages from the free importation of slave sugars—i. e., the cheapening of the article a penny a pound to the English consumer, and an increase of revenue, from the increase of consumption; and he asks, if these benefits, even should they be realized, will compensate for the abandonment and ruin of our colonies? He, however, denies the premises, as begging the question, and contends that a rise of price and a fall of revenue must be the result of the suicidal policy. In conclusion, he takes a cheering view of what may yet be done to rescue us from the impending evils:

"I submit," he states, "that free-trade in slave sugar is no less inconsistent with considerations of humanity and with justice to the colonies, than it is with every sound principle of economic science;" and he inquires, "What, then, are the probable results of supporting our colonies, and maintaining the principles we have so long professed in respect to slavery and the slave-trade? We shall promote the system of free labour, which is now in the utmost jeopardy. We shall strike a blow on the increase of slavery and the slave-trade. We shall restore confidence to the colonies. The abandonment of estates will be stopped. Skill and capital will again return, and improvements will proceed with spirit. We shall have no loss of revenue. The produce of our colonies, and the extent of their trade, may be reasonably expected ere long to exceed that of any former period, and our supplies of sugar will be obtained at far less cost than we can ever hope to obtain them from the slave countries of Cuba and Brazil."

Whether the measures now before the House of Commons will lead to this great desideratum, we cannot tell; but that much, of weal or woe, depends

"\* The cultivation of cotton in Louisiana has already yielded largely to that of sugar."

upon their final concoction, is a proposition of the gravest character and most imposing magnitude. For ourselves, we never can conceive the regardlessness or apathy with which colonial questions are too generally met. Great Britain without her colonies must sink into Little Britain; into Britain dismembered and crippled. Take the wings from a bee, or the claws from a lobster, and you have the animal powerless for self-provision or defence: even so if you lose England her colonies. There is no intercourse or interchange of commodities to be compared with those between a limited mother country and widely-spread colonial territories. Everything given and everything returned contributes to the common wealth. In the beginning you help to feed your children, and they grow up to be your supporters and champions. What foreign nation will enter into such mutual services, and frame a system of such unselfish interests? Above all, then, may our legislators see their way clearly through the straits by which we are surrounded and the perils by which we are threatened, and devise measures which may upraise the low fortunes of the West Indies, and serve the cause of humanity. We may note, that Mr. Scole, Secretary to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, has just published a printed appeal, pointing out the progressive advance in commercial enterprise and wealth of Cuba and the Brazils since 1846, and the corresponding decline of the West Indies. The philanthropists, whose organ he is, earnestly remonstrate against the encouragement given to the slave products of these parts.

#### LESSONS FOR ALL ARTISTS AND AUTHORS.

*The Artists' Married Life; being that of Albert Dürer.* Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer. By Mrs. J. B. Stodart. Pp. 236. Chapman.

Our last *Gazette* concluded a long review of a chivalrous military career, that of Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, belonging to a by-gone era; and we have kept this volume by us for several weeks, that we might not only have too much of former days in one of our numbers, but that we might follow up the warlike theme with a corresponding view of civil life; also made more interesting by its connexion with the fine arts, and with human feelings and conditions applicable to all times, however different the outward appearances and manners of society may be. The framework of Schefer's production "purports to be an old manuscript intrusted by Albert Dürer on his deathbed to his friend Pirkheimer, with instructions that it should be given to the world when all those to whom its contents might cause pain, were no more."

It is, in reality, compiled from a long fragment of Albert Dürer's giving an account of the death of his father and mother, 1503; and a journal of his "travels in the Netherlands with his wife and servant Susanna, letters to Pirkheimer and other friends, and various interesting details, given in a small volume published in 1828 by Dr. Friedrich Campe, a citizen of Nürnberg, entitled, 'Relics of Albert Dürer.'"

Out of these materials the novelist has constructed his narrative, inventing a pathetic history of a beloved child called Agnes to diversify it, and working out the whole *more Germanorum*, but with touches of nature and acute observation which must recommend him to the public at large, but especially, as we think, to artists and men immersed in intellectual pursuits, whose idiosyncrasy he traces with a skillful hand, and demonstrates its generally unfortunate effects upon the more common and business concerns of the world.

Agnes, (not the child we have mentioned, but) the wife of the painter, is represented as a selfish woman, destitute of the sympathies which would have rendered her a helpmate for her generous and imaginative husband; and the preface states that "Campe publishes a remarkable letter of Pirkheimer, printed from his own handwriting and addressed to Tscherte, the Emperor's architect at Vienna, in which he very plainly accuses Agnes of

having been the cause of her husband's death. He says—'She gnawed into his heart; that she gave him no peace night or day; and that in consequence he wasted away to a skeleton; that she urged him to work, for no other reason than that he might make money to leave to her; and adds that he (Pirkheimer) had often reproved her for her conduct, and prophesied what would be the end of it: but these friendly warnings gained him nothing but ill will. All this Dürer seems to have borne with the utmost meekness, quite in conformity with the character drawn of him by Schefer. He was patient under a hard lot—a picture of composure throughout all his domestic trials. In his published writings, as given by Campe, there is not a single word of complaint to be found; but his letters to Pirkheimer from Venice breathe a spirit of sadness, especially in anticipation of his return home."

Such a home, indeed, must have been a sad place for the artist glowing with genius, and living in a region far above these petty and mercenary passions; yet it was a love-match, and the picture of it, by Schefer, is one of the most beautiful and striking portions of his volume. Their first love is all sunshine and the extreme of happiness; but even on the wedding day, the small clouds which were in process of time to become large, lowering, dark, and tempestuous, loomed on the distant horizon. The show of customs at the commencement of the honeymoon affords curious matter for an extract:—

"They received many and distinguished Guests from the City at the House of the Bride, and both accepted of the Congratulations with visible emotion. The Bride sat at table next to the Bridegroom with a stiff demure. She would not allow the Myrtle Wreath to be taken off her little stubborn Head, and an old Lady excused her by saying, 'Everything has its time!—Thereupon Agnes tore it herself from among her Locks.

"God preserve us! muttered the horrified old Lady.

"At the end of the last course we heard a Cry, which proceeded from under the Table. It turned out that it had been uttered by my best Friend: his Face was bleeding; he went composedly towards the Door. Agnes half laughed, half cried.

"I arose and followed him. He was sitting on the stone Seat under the Arch of the Doorway.

"It is an old Custom—which I certainly cannot commend—that some one should distribute to every one of the Guests a little bit of the Bride's Garter, said he; but, *Albert*, you may rely upon this—you will suffer much, but you will have a faithful Wife.

"The Bridegroom excused her, not without smiling.

"But the other proceeded:—For whatever Woman, and more especially a young one, thinks so peculiarly, and thrusts from her so vigorously with her little bold Foot an honest old Custom, thinking nothing of Gibes and Uproar, she is in my opinion worthy of particular Honour. I am myself amazed, now I think of it. If a Custom prevails around us as clearly and evidently as Sunshine, then it is still a valid and living one. But things are changed now! The World judges of the propriety of these, and sometimes takes advantage of them perversely—and fettered by the restraint of Custom, which no Woman can openly throw off without exciting Laughter, many make grievous Sacrifices thereto!—The bold Bride is in the right—I prophesy you Happiness and Unhappiness. Now Good-night!

"He then went away, his Face concealed in his Handkerchief, and muttering through his teeth. The Servant hastily seized the unlighted Lantern, and carried it before him in a very odd manner.

"Albert went in perplexed; some of the Guests crowded past him; the Company had all broken up, and departed with brief and quiet Greetings, or with no Greeting at all.

"Thus the spacious decked-out apartment was now empty. The Bride still sat in her place, and nibbled crumbs of pastry. The Bridegroom placed himself beside her. She was silent, and he spoke not.

"I am heartily sorry! exclaimed *Hanns Frei*, the

Father-in-law, who was standing by himself in the apartment. I am sure I cannot drink all that! The delightful Meat and Pastry look at me in vain, and cannot gain over my Heart to any feeling of compassion. But I will not be deprived of the Grandfather's Dance! Halloo! strike up, Pipers! strike up, Fiddlers! One Man is still a Man. When I am tired, then you shall have your Holiday.

"The Music resounded. The Crowd looked in at the lighted Windows. Father *Frei* gravely led up his Wife to the Dance; she obeyed with difficulty, and the somewhat aged Pair danced to the old Rhyme and the old Tune—

"When the Grandfather the Grandmother led up with glee, Then the Grandfather once more a Bridegroom was he!

"A Bridegroom! a Bridegroom! repeated the Crowd at the outside of the Windows, at the same time clapping their Hands. The Grandfather in *spe* laughed and wept; the Mother became giddy, sat down—and the Marriage was over."

Agnes began her trials of poor Albert in a frolicsome way:

"All she cared about was his Love—of that alone she wished to be certain.

"She concluded, therefore, the Honeymoon in this wise, that one Night she fell sick. The Master was greatly alarmed. She longed for some Groundsel Tea. But nothing was to be found—no Frying-pan, no Chips, no Coals; everything seemed to have vanished. *Susanna* appeared. And now sat the good Master, and held the little Pot with Water over the flame of the Lamp to boil, till it became too hot for his Fingers, and then *Susanna* held it by the Handle till it was too hot for her again, and willingly the Master took it in his turn. Thus they both sat, talking in an undertone, and looking at each other with anxious Countenances, till it boiled. When, however, *Susanna* was gone, and he carried the bitter Beverage to his dear beautiful *Agnes*, there she lay laughing under the Coverlet. She flung her Arms round his Neck, and said, I only wished to see whether thou really carest for me! Now drink thine own Groundsel, to cure thy Fright! And he drank, whilst she blew upon his smarting Fingers, kissing meanwhile the Points of them.

"Ah! the Sceptic! that was certainly a very mischievous Deed!—unimportant, it is true, yea lovely to behold, like a glittering Ring around a young Bough in early Spring. But it will become a Nest full of Caterpillars, and deprive the Tree of its Adornment just at the time when it should bloom most luxuriantly."

Truly prophetic. More serious strife too soon intrudes upon their wedded joys, and the want of congeniality grows up more and more to poison their mutual love, and that confidence without which there can neither be peace, nor satisfaction, nor pleasure in the marriage union.

A contrast to the artist's self-willed and self-considering wife is found in another character, Clara, the sister of his friend Pirkheimer, whose sweetness of soul causes the short-comings of Agnes to be the more observable; for—

"She knew not the power of Submission, not even that of Submission to the best of Husbands. And when she saw daily the two-headed Eagle over the park-gate, on the Arms of the Imperial City, then she thought that in Marriage there should also be two Heads, without considering that no living creature can so exist, and that even when painted or hewn in stone it is a Monster, or represents one. It should be said, however, in excuse for her, that she was the Child of an old Father, and had not learned obedience, even when he asked her to be happy, not to mention anything else. She had only laughed when her Father once asked her quite gravely to laugh, so that he might see his Daughter lively for once—were it only in appearance.

"Thus demure was her Mind, and only directed towards a few objects in Life, but to them so much the more firmly and constantly. And these things were not censurable, but, on the contrary, desirable and necessary for every one. Her sense of Honour



was great, strong, and pure; but she wished to carry it about with her through Life, not only firmly maintained but undisputed."

This is true to nature, and the idea is yet better developed when we are told—

"He had the fruits of his Journey in his Heart and in his Mind—no one could rob him of these; and that he was in Debt for them, and yet possessed them, appeared to him quite wonderful; and he was satisfied when he felt his Power, and saw the means how, and how soon, and with what thanks, he would be able to pay! But if he reckoned up all his prospects to *Agnes*, she only cast down her Eyes, or looked at him with doubting Looks, which made his whole Heart tumultuous within him. He was as certain of the thing as he was of his Life, and yet his own Wife discouraged him by her Doubts! His Mind revolted; all his future Works rose up within his Bosom like fiery Spirits; he felt himself raised by them above the Evils of this Life; he glowed, his Lips quivered, Tears flowed down his Cheeks—and *Agnes* stole away from him speechless but not convinced—and, as he also plainly saw, not to be convinced; she was quite horror-struck, for she had never before so seen her gentle Husband, so full of noble Power! so full of inward holy Wrath!

"And yet he was soon again pacified, softened, yea dejected; for he was not always well able at that time to procure for his *Agnes* the immediate Necessaries of Life, in the manner she, as Mistress of a House, wished! As for her, she saw the fulfilment of her most reasonable Hopes only so much the longer delayed—and he, by the same means, her Satisfaction with herself and with him; and thus his own Peace hovered over him like a scared-away Lark, no longer visible among the Clouds—till single Notes of her Song again penetrated down to him, as if the Sun were singing and speaking to him. . . .

"Master *Albert* now often dreamed and delayed whole Days; sat down, rose up, spoke to himself, drew with his Stick on the Sand, or began to make an Eye or a Nose with black Chalk; and then *Agnes* called him a Child, or thought that, dissatisfied with her, he held converse with his own Soul. Or he walked up and down in the Garden, stood for a quarter of an hour at a time before the trunk of a Tree, and studied its wonderfully-bursting Bark; looked up to the Heavens, and imprinted on his memory the forms of the Clouds; or he sat before the door, and called thither handsome Children, placed one quite in the Shade of the Roof, another only half, and made a third stand in the full Sunshine, that he might adjust for himself the colours of the dresses in Light and Shade; or he accosted old Men and Women, who came to him just as if they had been sent by God. Then *Agnes* called to him, and said peevishly: My God! why not rather work! thou knowest well, we need it.

"I do work, said *Albert*. My Picture is ready.

"God grant it! sighed she, as if he were lazy or incapable.

"Just consider, my *Agnes*, said he then smiling: does the Carver carve the Forms; does the Pencil paint? these are my Spirits and Slaves, who do my Will when I call them.

"But still thou canst sit down.

"I certainly can do so.

"If thy Pencil would only move of itself! were there such a Pencil—then we should have our wants supplied.

"I would burn, I would banish such a Pencil, as if it were an Evil Spirit! I—I must do all myself, otherwise I should no longer be myself. That were just the same as if a strange Woman were to love and foster me instead of thee.

"Internal Images now appeared to his Mind, as if induced by constant Devotion, and disclosed to his sight how the Crocus appearing out of the Earth, tears its little delicate white Child's Shirt; and then the Master glowed like a vessel full of molten Gold, liquified and pure for the casting; so that he trembled, knew nothing more of the World, and what was revealed to him he transferred to the Tablet with inspired haste:—then came *Agnes* and called to him

two or three times, always louder and louder, about some Trifle. He then sprang up, neither knowing where he had been nor where he now was; the portals of the Spiritual Kingdom closed suddenly, and the only half conjured-up Images sank back into Night, and into Spiritual Death, and perhaps never returned to him,—ah! never thus again. Then he recognised *Agnes*, who, angry at his demeanour, stood before him and scolded him deaf and blind."

And thus lived on the man made miserable at home where his comfort ought to have been, and only free from care and trouble when his soul could seek refuge in the heaven of his worshipped art. How many glorious emanations of splendour were, doubtless, blasted in their first blush by the darkening interference of such a partner. The world has deeply to regret that *Albert Dürer* ever matched with the beautiful but ill-regulated *Agnes Frei!* The life and death of their child is a touching episode; but we shall conclude our traits of their opposite minds and dispositions (the cause of suffering to themselves and all connected with them) with a single example of the evil as connected with their infant daughter:

"The feelings of Children are inconceivably delicate and just. Little *Agnes* soon saw how unhappy her Father was in his Home, how little he was valued. *Albert* had perceived and learnt, first of all, from her own Mouth, how much it grieved the loving little One to see him so ill used. He saw it also in her soft blue Eyes. But he saw it neckily and silently.

"When *Albert* visited a Friend one day, against the inclinations of *Agnes*, who feared that he might perhaps complain of her, and thereby make public what appeared to her quite allowable in private—and came home late, that she might not be awake, and yet found her keeping watch with the Child, who had waited for her Father that she might go to bed with him—then the Mother scolded him and called him a waster of Time and Money—a Man addicted to worldly Pleasures, while she toiled away for ever in secret at Home, and had never had a single happy Hour with him.

"Thereupon he sat down, and closed his Eyes; but Tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his Eyelids. Then the Child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her Mother in childish Anger: Thou wilt one day bring down my Father to the Grave! then thou wilt repent it. Everybody says so.

"The Mother wished to tear her from his arms. But he hindered her, wishing to punish his Child himself. These were the first blows he had ever given her. The Child stood trembling and motionless.—Do not beat her on my account! certainly not on my account! exclaimed *Agnes*, thus indirectly irritating him still more. The Father however struck. But in the midst of the Sadness and at the same time of the Anger which his sufferings caused him, he observed at length for the first time, that his little Daughter had turned round between his knees, and that he had struck her with a rough hand on the stomach! He was horror-struck; he staggered away, threw himself upon his Bed and wept—wept quite inconsolably. But the Child came after him, stood for a long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besought him thus: My Father, do not be angry! I shall so soon be well again. My Mother says thou hast done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed. I have only waited for thee. Now the little Sand-man comes to close my Eyes. Come, take me to thee; I will certainly for the future remain silent, as thou dost! Hearst thou? art thou asleep? dear Father!—

"This danger then appeared to be overpast."

We take our leave altogether of this interesting tale, as germane in its immutable principles to London in 1818 as to Nürnberg three centuries ago, with a quotation which we cordially recommend to the attention of every contemporary artist:

"The gift of Fancy, and the gift of Reverence for the Godlike, are two very different qualities in Man; and it is only by their union that a truly perfect Man is known. What makes him an Artist is, that, to

outward appearance quite a simple Man, he yet can mount into the region of Fancy as often as he will. But it is only as a pure Being, as an Angel, that he can enter therein. Those who are but seldom inspired—the tumultuous, only once or twice excited—are ungentle Spirits: they sink as deep as they soared high. Nature gives to the genuine Artist, with his Birth, the true Elevation, the Greatness of Mind necessary for lifelong unvarying Endurance day and night; and from her comes every daily breath, every word—so that he feels, suffers, and rejoices in everything, under every lot, and in all circumstances. And thus he sits, apparently like one mute or blind, yea, as a Child among Children, and dwells meanwhile—although with them, yet wherever he will, in Heaven or in Hell. It is only the constant, unremitting Power which gives the stamp to the genuine Calling; and from that Power he has Occupation, Name, Work, and Happiness. And if he wilfully close the Realm of Fancy, then he becomes subject to the smallest Law of the exterior World, and more so indeed of his Love and of his Conscience, which are the tenderest and purest Laws in the World.

"Dost thou hear? said *Nunnenbeck* to his young relative, and seized him by the hand. Wherever thou beholdest a dissolute Artist, my Son, even if it were only his Shadow, then think: he is no Artist, has never been one fundamentally, or will soon be one no longer; for the Conflict between two Passions drags even the strongest person to Death. Human Nature can endure a Fault, and more so if it contains an elevating ever-vivifying Power. No one dies by the effusions of such a Power: it is the renovating Joy of his Life. But he who is a Giant in Fancy, may be a Negro Child in Morals; and the Child drags the Giant into the abyss. For these are certainly opposite—but may be found united in the same person. And every one, be he who he may, is and must remain a Man, a Moral Being, and may least of all give himself up to the Devil, that he may reveal God by his Art."

#### AMERICAN SETTLING AND SETTLERS.

*The Wanderings and Fortunes of some German Emigrants.* By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated by David Black. Pp. 310. Bogue.

Or the *bonâ fide* character of this work there can be no doubt. Daniel De Foe himself could not have invented such a series of facts; nor could Swift have invested them with more of a certain sort of dry, simple humour, German in its spirit and yet general in its application. We have relished the whole account very much, and would recommend it for the entertainment of our readers. A ship-load of German emigrants, under a managing committee, sail for the United States, and the incidents of their voyage out are detailed with superb particularity. Oldenburghers, in wooden shoes, a doctor, a tailor, a brewer, a shoemaker, a sportsman, and other individuals, are drawn and occupied to the life, in a World which becomes utterly New to them from the moment they set their feet on board the vessel and move upon the waters of the deep. Their landing, the "Yankee" dodges they encounter, and their being "done" by a countryman, one Dr. Normann, who advises and cheats them in this strange and trying theatre of unceasing imposition, are related with infinite simplicity, and amount to a burlesque beyond what fancy could imagine. The end is the purchase of an unseen but highly-vouched settlement on the Big Halchee, a delightful river which runs into the magnificent Mississippi, partly cleared and the rest abounding with everything which the hearts and hopes of man could desiderate. After a long and disastrous journey, the emigrants discover the sale to be a complete sell. The Big Halchee River is a swamp creek, with fevers which will never allow a surplus population. Disasters, struggles, deaths, treacheries crowd on the unfortunate Germans; but at last the majority of them escape alive from the delicious location, for which they have left the hardships of Europe, braved the sea, and been wrecked on the land. To the credit

of Americans let us state, that most of the ills brought upon them were through the rascality of their own countrymen, who had become denizens by previous residence in the United States. An extract or two about their arrival at the promised land, when they first bivouacked in the wild forest, will serve to exemplify the Wanderings:—

"There never were such gnats as these before," said Schmidt; and I think the whole kit must have come across to us."

"Oh, no! the Oldenburghers, over yonder, seem to have got a few, too," grinned the shoemaker, maliciously. "One of 'em keeps hitting himself such raps on the face—his nose will be black and blue to-morrow!"

"I'm getting hungry," yawningly said the brewer, who now began to wake up by degrees. "Is it raining still?"

"No; it has ceased raining," said the shoemaker; "but if the little town here is no better paved than the landing-place, good luck to our shoes! there will be work! Whoever has not got bull-hide straps to keep 'em on, will lose them in the mud!"

"Town!" asked the brewer, who had been round the little clearing. "Town! there's no town here, shoemaker—it must be higher up. I wish I could get something to eat!—I'm very hungry, that's a fact!"

"The howling has taken away all my appetite," whimpered the tailor; "blown it completely away, as it were. However, I shouldn't mind a cup of coffee."

"I should like to know where we are to get coffee from here," said Schmidt; "and if we had any, we couldn't drink it out of our hats; I see no cups."

"Well, then, we could unpack some," said the tailor; "but hush! the man there is moving," he continued in a low whisper, as the woodsman, rising from his seat, drew back the mosquito net, which had hitherto covered the corpse of his wife.

"On a poor-looking mattress, stuffed with moss, lay the body of the young and beautiful American; a plain white calico dress covered her limbs, and her long flowing chestnut hair hung around the pale sunken features of her noble face. The eyes were closed, and on the lids there lay two pieces of silver coin to keep them down. The right hand rested upon the heart, the left lay beside her; she seemed to have fallen asleep gently, and without pain; angelic peace was depicted on her pure and beautiful features."

"The young man gazed long and silently upon her, and he watched, as if in a dream, scarcely conscious that he did so, the individual mosquitoes which flew in through the now opened net, expecting a new meal. He noticed how they alighted upon the dear face of his wife, as though they expected to find blood in the dry veins of the corpse, until he himself gazed upon the creatures with stifled breath. It came over him that his Maria—his all in this world—could not be dead, and he expected to see the little bloodsuckers swell as they drew in her warm life-juices; but scarcely had they bored their slight and pointed stings through the skin, and appeared to have made the first attempt, before they quickly and tremblingly, with evident signs of fear and alarm, endeavoured to free their little trunks, flew quickly away, and in confused haste sought in vain for the opening by which they had entered."

"With a deep sigh the unhappy man let his arm fall, and turned silently away; it was then that his eyes met those of Pastor Hehrmann, who had risen in order to offer words of consolation and of courage to the sufferer. As he was endeavouring to call to mind the little English which he knew, and was making several pauses in speaking, from lack of words to express himself; the other made a sign to him with his hand, and said, in good and pure German, but with averted face—

"I am a German, sir; I understand your language."

"A German! and alone in this neighbourhood?" asked Hehrmann, surprised; "have you been long, then, in such melancholy circumstances?"

"You shall hear all that when I have buried my wife.—Will you help me?"

"Such is not only my wish, but my duty also," said the clergyman, kindly. "But, my dear sir, he continued, somewhat shyly and almost timidly, 'do you live really quite alone in this spot? and is this house situate at the mouth of the Big Halchee?'"

"Yes," said the woodsman; "the nearest house is three miles below; just such another as this, and only built for the same purpose, cordwood chopping, for sale to the passing steamers."

"And there is no town hereabouts?"

"No," was the short, half-whispered answer.

"And further up the Big Halchee—are there no settlements there?"

"The man no longer seemed to hear him; his eye again hung upon the pale countenance of his wife, and he resumed his seat beside her, no longer conscious of what was passing around him."

A sketch of American traders, as exhibited in a similar transaction, is the only addition we shall make:—

"Why, my dear Helldorf, you surely don't mean to affirm that the American merchants are dishonest?"

"No, certainly not," exclaimed Helldorf; "and I should be very sorry if you should so misunderstand me; but more is required in order to be a merchant here in America than merely book-keeping and speculating on the Exchange; for this last branch of business we have a special class of men, the money-brokers as they are called, who, I may say, in passing, don't stand in very good odour. But the German is no match for the American in business, because he is too considerate. The Jews get on about the best of any here; they soon adapt themselves to the manners and customs of the country, begin in a small way, and do not let either painstaking or shame discourage them—and become rich. But in America the standard of honesty is different from that of Germany. In your country, for example, a bankrupt who should become rich by his bankruptcy would be stamped with infamy. It is quite different here; I know people who have been bankrupt three times, who possess more than a million of dollars, and are accounted among the most respectable men of the city wherein they live. In Little Rock, one of the richest merchants made a declaration of insolvency, and yet, at the same time, was building a couple of large brick houses."

"But how was that possible?"

"Oh, in that way anything is possible, and the Americans call it 'smart.'"

"That's the word which Dr. Normann mentioned to me. But about the merchant?"

"The doctor is acquainted with it, no doubt," said Helldorf, with a smile. "Well, the merchant in question had settled all his property upon his wife—no one could take any part of it from him; the creditors came, but had to draw off again without getting anything."

"But the houses?"

"Oh, his wife was having them built; he had nothing, of course—he was a poor ruined man; however, everybody gave him credit again, and as soon as he had obtained his certificate, he began business afresh with more spirit than ever. I could relate hundreds of such instances of people whom I have known personally."

"That certainly does not say much for their honesty, if such a proceeding is reckoned an ordinary mercantile transaction," said Werner; "but, be that as it may, trade certainly is the quickest way to acquire a little property; and, I should think, that if one were honest and upright, buyers must soon find it out, and it would carry weight."

"Oh, my dear Werner, that's of little use here; the modest man remains behind, and without puffing and quackery, a poor devil can seldom get along in America, unless, as I have already observed, he turns farmer. Those are my views, but I don't wish to palm them upon you as the views of all the world; I shall even be glad, on your account, if you should not find them confirmed."

"But I have no capital to begin with—at least—"

"If that makes any difference at all, it's rather in your favour than otherwise," said Helldorf, smiling; "don't suppose that the people who bring over capital with them pluck roses here. 'Where there is nothing, the Emperor himself can't levy tribute,' and 'he who has no money pays no premium.' But these sort of sayings are thrown away upon emigrants; they must try it all themselves; afterwards, they get along better in every way."

"But I feel a real desire within me to set to work at a business life here."

"Very well, my dear Werner, then I won't dissuade you," replied Helldorf, good humouredly; "deliver your introductions to-morrow, and we'll see what may turn up. It's getting late, so let us make haste back to our inn, else we may arrive after time, or miss our supper, which is about the same thing."

We need not say that all the letters are waste paper, and their bearer fares no better than the settlers on the Big Halchee!

#### THE JAIN RELIGION.

*The Kalpa Sūtra and Nava Tatva, &c.* By the Rev. J. Stevenson, D.D. 8vo. Pp. 144. London: Allen and Co. Paris: Duprat.

THIS curious volume proceeds from the Oriental Translation Fund, and is edited by the learned Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bombay. It was originally written in the Māghadī language, differing from the Pālī of Ceylon, and bearing a nearer affinity to the Pāṇkrit, as it was (probably) spoken in Indian courts three hundred years before our Christian era. It is a singular illustration of the Jain religion and philosophy, once so prevalent in the East, and still held as the faith of extensive regions. It gives us the story of the incarnation, life on earth, and translation to the highest heaven\* of Mahāvira, the 24th and last of the Jain Tirthankars or divinities; and is redolent of oriental floweriness and extravagance. Yet, as it exhibits many traits of Eastern manners and customs, it is exactly such a publication as we might expect from the intelligent quarter to which we are indebted for it. Perhaps the reader will be much struck, as we have been, with sundry points of resemblance to the Christian dispensation, such as a miraculous conception, a heaven-attended nativity, a practice of the noblest self-sacrificing human virtues, and a resurrection after death. We can scarcely offer an idea of the whole remarkable exposition; but the following passage may serve to show somewhat of the course of the worshipped Tirthankar:

"The adorable ascetic hero for one year and a month wore clothing, afterwards he went robeless, and had no vessel but his hand. The adorable ascetic Mahāvira, for twelve years and full six months, entirely neglected his body, and laid aside all care of his person, and with whatever things he was brought in contact, whether gods, men, or other animals, whether pleasing or displeasing, he conducted himself with perfect patience and equanimity, and felt nothing dispirited by the wretchedness of his condition. The adorable ascetic Mahāvira was now houseless, a wanderer, a speaker of the truth, eating only what had no fault, having no vessel either to receive presents, or to make oblations, (to the gods or manes,) regardless of the rules prescribed about natural evacuations, phlegm, and the scurf of the skin, indifferent about gratification from his mind, his speech, or his body, restraining the mind, the speech, and the body, sensual appetite, anger, courtesy, affection, and desire; altogether free from pride, perturbation, sin, and selfishness, having no gold, plate, nor coin; and as water does not enter the substance of the brazen vessel that is dipped into it, nor sound into that of the conch which emits it, so his soul was not subject to the accidents of mortality, but like the firmament, raised above the world, unrestrained like air and fire, and pure as the showers in spring. He was perfect in beauty like the lotus

\* The filthy ascetics who rose to this species of defilement were placed above all the Gods in the religious code of the Jains.



leaves, like the tortoise he had restrained all his corporeal organs, he was single and alone, like the horn of the rhinoceros, like a bird not easily caught, like the eagle, never off his guard, strong as an elephant, patient as a bullock under his load, like the lion difficult to be restrained, stable as Mount Mandara, deep as the ocean, mild as the moon, and refulgent as the sun. His person resembled pure gold, and was of the colour of pure honey or fire; and yet he was patient as the earth, trodden on by the feet of all the world—he had no attachment or tie binding him to the world."

*Aline.* 3 vols. Newby.

A STORY of a young lady of high English family, who elopes with an extremely handsome and accomplished Italian opera singer. She is also beloved, and somewhat persecuted, by an earl, who, by way of diversion, wins the affections and breaks the heart of her younger sister. The miseries of the *mésalliance* form the staple of the story, which ranges with the writer's former productions, "The Gambler's Wife," "Sybil Lennard," &c. &c.

*Heroic Women of the French Revolution.* By M. de Lamartine. Clarke and Co.

THE vast majority of the women of Paris cut so execrable a figure in the French Revolution, that it is somewhat consolatory to read even these painful accounts of those of a better nature, who fell victims to the bloody fury of that infamous epoch. The Queen, Princess de Lamballe, Mme. Roland, Charlotte Corday, and two or three others, are here displayed in the vivid colours of the author; and the volume is consequently interesting both in its facts and treatment.

#### HOW TO ENJOY SOCIAL LIFE.

A GOOD many publications have of late issued from the press, teaching people how to live on very small incomes; how to behave themselves; how to get on somehow or other;—how, in short, to be comfortable in themselves, and agreeable to others. We confess that we have not been able to discern a clear course from all these direction posts. The road is still perplexing, briery, miry, inconvenient, unpleasant, unsatisfactory. Whilst much-pondering on these things, we accidentally fell upon a wee booky, which, we presume, must have been long out of print, and rare, as it was published by Charles Knight, in Pall Mall East, whence he removed into the City East a good many years ago. On perusal, it seemed to us to furnish the grand desideratum sought for; and if its recipe can be depended upon, thousands of Epicures, hearty Livers, good Fellows, and Invalids will almost adore us for reviving it for their edification and guidance. Had we belonged to the age of Lucullus or Heliogabalus, we should have looked for a Consulship at least; and from the former, in particular, we should have received any mark of distinction with profound respect, for we have always considered him as truly One of the Greatest of all the Romans. But trace to Rome and bygone times: let us look to ourselves and "Short Hints for the Prevention and Cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Bile, Heartburn, Apoplexy, Fulness of the Head, (not with brains,) and all unpleasant sensations proceeding from the Stomach." By Charles White, Esq. (White be his memory!) "Sixth Edition!"

Although we have not been at the Mansion House the last year and more, we have sat at sufficing corporation and city feasts, and, therefore, consider the dedication of the *Hints* to be just and appropriate. It is—"To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London for the time being, in the earnest hope, that, under the benign influence of the Author's prescription, their pastimes and achievements may be unrequited by the horrors of Indigestion, the tortures of Gout, or the termination of Apoplexy, this Treatise is most respectfully inscribed, by their obedient, humble servant, and fellow-labourer, C. W.—1st Jan. 1824."

"Their pastimes and achievements!" What a world of eating and drinking lies in this nut of three words and a copulative conjunction! How many plates of turtle, green fat and all, and aldermanic

slices of the haunch of venison go to an *achievement*, we leave to the imagination of readers; and how many bottles of Hock, Champagne, and Burgundy constitute a *pastime* must also be left to exuberant fancy. Ministers, and bishops, and judges, and peers, and commoners, and heroes of the sea and land, and all men in office, and chairmen of mighty companies, and governors and directors, and the *élite* of society, including, of course, the common council, and all to it pertaining, and not including philosophers, poets, or historians, who have posterity for their entertainers, and immortality for their reward;—all these eminent ranks, we say, with the exceptions just excepted, are deeply interested in the prescription we are magnanimous enough now to bring before them. Let them stomach it as they may, Mr. White is right in ascribing most of the evils which too often flow from these innocent indulgences to the stomach. It is the stomach and the station that are invited and fêted; and, therefore, it is the bounden duty of the Station to take as much care as it can of the Stomach. Of what, then, does Mr. White assure the *Gourmet* and *Gourmand*? After a feed, he paints, in fearful atrabilious colours, the diseases which are likely to follow, and he proceeds, "Well! (though not so well either!) next comes an overpowering pressure of business, when, because your faculties are wanted most clear, you find them most opaque, and the brains you require to be all alertness, are jumbled and confused. These are presented as only a few of the evils of life, but they are the most prevalent, and generally exist in one and the same person. For all these miseries, and the minor nucleus in their train, there exists a simple, sure, and innocent preventive."

"The reader must not take fright here, and prematurely predict that my succedaneum is the gothic receipt of early rising and temperance. No! all order and selection under my *regime* may be hurled at defiance; the spicy curry and the brilliant Champagne, are rendered equally innoxious with the fattened sirloin and the cloudy port. My disciple may riot in fancy's choice among the viands he has lately avoided with longing forbearance; come what may upon his plate, I will shelter him with my alkaline shield from the dangers and consequences of even a prolonged conflict. The British breakfast proverbial for moroseness and taciturnity, shall, under my banner, be changed into hilarity and buoyancy, and the overwhelming catalogue of imaginary despondency shall yield to the piquancy of Italian vivacity."

Gracious Heavens! only think of vivacity after a decent symposium, in which you gently partake of Callipee and Callipash; salmon *en magnonnaise*, or trout à la Genevoise, or perch *au bleu*, or *matelote* of soles; a peck at the *hors d'œuvres*, and a reliance on the haunch, natural, or *en daube*, or *braise*; then a playful intercourse with the *entremets*, so that by this time you may have cultivated an acquaintance with *croquettes*, with *salmis* of duck or game, with *sautés* to tickle the jaded taste, with *ragouts*, or if plain, perhaps a little pullet, with a cut of Westphalia ham, or capon *au gros sel*; then the jellies, *blanc-manges* (not green), creams, *compôtes*, *tarts*, trifles, *soufflés*, and other sweet cakes; macaroni, *fondus*, Gruyère, Parmesan, Stilton, &c., close the dinner, and prepare you for the dessert, "consisting of every delicacy of the season." We have said nothing of the vegetable adjuncts, nor of the wines and liqueurs applicable to the varieties through which you have travelled in the two hours, or two hours and a half, whilst engaged in the delightful exercise of your jaws and palate. But

Comes the reckoning when the feast is o'er,  
The dreadful reckoning and men laugh no more.

How is all this supply to be digested? We have heard of a *Digest of the Laws of England*, but that is nothing when compared with a *Digest of the Food of England*, as engulged by the happy classes we have enumerated. Here is the means:—"About five-and-twenty years ago" (says our White Oracle, and that must have been just as the last stupid century gave way to the present enlightened one) "a receipt fell into the hands of Messrs. Paytherus, Savory, Moore, and Co., the well-known chemists in Bond-

street, for the composition of a lozenge, now prepared by them, and by no other chemist, which they well christened, 'the Absorbent,' from its power to absorb acidity on the stomach. It would not be quite fair to state here the exact ingredients of this preparation, it will be sufficient that it forms as potent and safe an alkaline combination, as can be compressed into the same dimensions, equally free from the violence or the inefficacy of other medicines, and, from being dissolved gradually in the mouth by the consumer, the injurious concretions of magnesia are avoided, while the ready form and grateful flavour of the lozenge, add an allurements to its use. This medicine is nothing more than a powerful alkali in an en-ticing form, where the *slapping* and troublesome preparation for other mixtures is so usually the positive injunction to their use, this little friend of life is constantly ready and acceptable."

Where, we fain would ask, is it now? Can Mr. Charles Knight tell us, or can Mr. John Savory, the intelligent successor of the firm, inform us? Why do not the Lord Mayor and Corporation offer a handsome reward for the restoration of this potent restorer? Why does not Government act? Why do not the Chartists make it a seventh point in the Charter? We have performed our duty! Only believe: "The preparation of the stomach for the reception of its food, previous to the dinner hour, by taking one or at most two of these lozenges, bids defiance to ill consequences from over-indulgence. It is far from expedient or moral to advocate the unrestrained exercise of sensuality and gluttony, but the decision of the higher epicurean, generally the foremost sufferer from our complaints, partakes so much of the principles of *pure* taste, that where the opportunity can be prudently enjoyed, in it consists one of the blessings of life inseparable from our existence."

No question; "Live while you live," is a pure motto, and has been accepted with various interpretations, to be sure, by all ranks of men, the most thoughtless and the most religious; and coaxingly does the author add,—"There are no instances where the trial of the virtues of this alkaline preparation can be better exemplified, than in the renewed use of such wines as had previously become obnoxious to the palate from their effect upon the stomach. If, by its assistance, those wines can be drank with impunity, which before had been avoided from their disagreement, it will, to a certain degree, weigh the merit of the medicine."

Mr. Culverwell's baths are no doubt excellent aids for keeping the skin in order, preserving the health, and, so, whetting the appetite; but, with a suck at the Absorbent, we need not care a pinch of snuff for his pamphleteer advice about "What to Eat, What to Drink, and What to avoid." For Outward cleanliness we are willing to be indebted to him; but for Inward *White*-washing we stick up for our author.

We will say no more. White was a benefactor to his kind for many years, and it is by a shameful neglect that his services have been forgotten, and his Prevention and Cure allowed to fall into disuse. Let us hope that there is virtue enough in the present generation to resuscitate this panacea for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir too, and to feel that, however much the world is absorbed in revolutions, the fall of thrones, and the rise of republics, there is one Absorbent besides, worth them all put together.

#### BOOKS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE following brief notices of some of the popular merriments which were extensively circulated during the last two centuries, will interest those of our readers who pay any attention to the history of our vernacular romance and poetry. The late Mr. Disraeli has an admirable article on the subject, in his *Aménities of Literature*. He happily styles it a "fugitive literature," and the remains of it have been mostly consumed by the hands of their multitudinous readers. A few, however, are still preserved in the libraries of the curious, and we propose to give a list of about a hundred in the cabinet of an amateur whose industry has enabled him to collect between two and three thousand. As Mr. Disraeli justly observes, a large

collection of such tracts offers an important illustration of popular humours, but, if diffused among the general mass, would bear only the value of their rarity. Under this impression, we would invite possessors of stray pieces of a like kind, who have no particular use for them, to forward such fragments to our Journal.

1. *The Life and Wonderful Exploits of Mad Tom of Bedlam*, with a humorous description of his Wedding, and how he deceived a Farmer's Wife, and couzened the Farmer of his Cow. 12mo. Printed for J. Norris, at the Looking glass on London-bridge, no date, but printed in the early part of the last century. This is a very curious tract, and may be regarded as an important illustration of the play of King Lear.

2. *The Devil upon two Sticks, or the town Unill'd*, with the comical humours of Don Stulto and Siegnor Jingo, as it is acted in Pinkethman's Booth in May Fair. London, Printed by J. R. near Fleet Street, 1708. A description of Pinkethman's drolls, with a curious woodcut representing his performance.

3. *The History of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudestie*, (the well-known ballad printed by Percy.) The History of Jack Horner, containing the witty pranks he play'd from his youth to his riper years, being pleasant for winter evenings, (a metrical tale, founded on the old anecdote of the Bason and the Friar, which has been printed by Mr. Wright from a manuscript of the fourteenth century preserved at Cambridge.) The Singular Adventures of Sir Gawen and the Enchanted Castle, a fairy tale. 12mo. This tract has a woodcut of a knight with a hat and wig in the costume of the time of George the Second!

4. *The History of Thomas Hickathrift*. The Whole Life and Adventures of Miss Davis, commonly called the Beauty in Disguise. The Five Strange Wonders of the World, or a New Merry Book of All Fives, which was written on purpose to make all the People of England merry, who have no occasion to be sad. The Trial of Betty the Cook-maid before the worshipful justice for laying in bed of a morning. A new and diverting Dialogue between a Shoemaker and his Wife. The Lincolnshire Wonder, or a comical dialogue which lately happened in this neighbourhood between an old woman of three score and ten and a youth about twenty, with whom she lately married. A Guide for Sinners to Repent, being a very strange relation of two old men that were found living under ground in Resington Wood, near the town of Doncaster, on the 10th of last month.

5. *The History of Queen Elizabeth and her great favorite the Earl of Essex*. The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace, containing a particular account of his most remarkable battles with King Edward. The Life and Adventures of Bampfylde Moore Carew, commonly called the King of the Beggars. The Valiant Exploits of Edward the Black Prince. The Wonderful Exploits of the Maid of Orleans, showing how she dreamed that she was to deliver France from the power of the English. The Merry Life and Mad Exploits of Captain James Hind, the great robber of England.

6. *The Famous, Pleasant, and Delightful History of Palladine of England*, discoursing of Honourable Adventures, of Knightly Deeds of Arms and Chivalry, interlarded likewise with the love of sundry noble personages, as time and affection limited their desires. Herein is no offence offered to the wise by wanton speeches, or encouragement to the loose by lascivious matter. Translated out of French by A. M., one of the messengers of Her Majesties Chamber. 12mo, 1690.

7. *The Noble and Renowned History of Guy of Warwick*, containing a full and true account of his many famous and valiant actions, remarkable and brave exploits, and noble and renowned victories. Also his courtship to fair Phoebe, Earl Roland's daughter and heiress, and the many difficulties and hazards he went thorow to obtain her love. Extracted from authentic records, and the whole illustrated with cuts suitable to the history. 12mo, 1706.

8. *The Most Pleasant History of Tom a Lincoln*, that ever renowned souldier, the red-rose knight, who, for his valour and chivalry, was surnamed the Boast

of England; shewing his honorable victories in Forrain Countries, with his strange fortunes in the Fayrie Land, and how he married the faire Anglitora daughter to Prester John, that renowned monark of the World; together with the lives and deaths of his two famous sons, the Black Knight and the Fairy Knight, with divers other memorable accidents, full of delight. 1655.

9. *The History of Sir Richard Whittington*, thrice Lord Mayor of London. The History of Thomas of Reading, and other worthy Clothiers of England, setting forth their mirth, great riches, and hospitality to the poor, and the great favour they gained with their Prince, concluding with the woeful Death of Thomas of Reading, who was murdered by his Host. The Life and Death of St. George, the noble Champion of England. The History of Dr. John Faustus, showing how he sold himself to the Devil, to have power to do what he pleased for twenty-four years. The History of the Children in the Wood, or Murder Revenged. The Famous and Memorable History of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. The History of the Royal Martyr, King Charles the First, with the Effigies of those worthy persons that suffered, and the time and places where they lost their lives in his Majesty's cause during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell. (These pieces were all printed in Aldermay Churchyard, about the year 1780, and differ altogether from the modern children's books under similar titles.)

10. *The Aviary*, or a new and entertaining history and exhibition of birds, fowls, &c., in which the several feathered animals herein represented are historically characterised. The Pleasant and Delightful History of Johnny Armstrong, showing his noble deeds in his youth in divers countries, in arms against the Turks and Saracens in the Holy Land, his dwelling at Guilt-neck hall in Westmoreland, and by his industry, without any estate in lands or rents, kept eightscore men to attend him, richly apparelled, well mounted and armed. A Pleasant and Delightful Dialogue between Honest John and Loving Kate, with the contrivance of their marriage, and way to get a livelihood.

11. *Partridge and Flamsted's* new and well experienced Fortune Book, delivered to the World from the Astrologer's Office in Greenwich Park, for the benefit of all young men, maids, wives, and widows, who by drawing cards according to the directions of this book, may know whether life shall be long or short, whether they shall have the person desired, and every lawful question whatsoever. The signification of moles in any part of the body, and the interpretation of dreams, as they relate to good or bad fortune. To which is added, the Whimsical Lady. 12mo.

12. *The History of George a Green*, Pindar of the Town of Wakefield, his birth, calling, valour, and reputation in the Country, with divers pleasant as well as serious passages in the Course of his Life and Fortune. 12mo. 1706. A very curious little book, and the woodcuts of a very superior description to those usually met with in such productions.

We should add that, in extracting these titles, we have by no means selected the most curious in a bibliographical point of view, for the black-letter class-books in the collection we have referred to would in that respect deserve the first consideration; but we merely intended to draw attention to a class of tracts daily suffering destruction, yet of some value in estimating the manners and humours of our ancestors. The more common histories and merri-ments appeared best calculated for the purpose, for many thousands are no doubt hidden in obscure and neglected corners. Nor should *Garlands*, or collections of songs, be forgotten. Thus, we have now lying before us, *Pretty Parrot's Garland*, the *Pretty Green-Cont Boy's Garland*, the *Three Indian Kings' Garland*, the *Rakish Husband's Garland*, the *Virtuous Milkmaid's Garland*, the *Mistaken Lady's Garland*, the *Doting Mother's Garland*, and very many others, under all kinds of titles, and often containing forgotten ballads of great curiosity and interest.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

16th June, (the last Friday evening of the season.)—Mr. Faraday "On the conversion of diamond into coke." In our number of 19th June, 1847 (1587), it was announced that M. Jacquelin, by submitting a diamond to a very high temperature between the poles of a Bunsen battery, succeeded in converting it entirely into a carbonaceous matter, having the appearance and characteristics of coke. This was the first time such conversion had ever been distinctly made; but the announcement of the fact to the Paris Academy of Sciences was unaccompanied by details of the process. Mr. Faraday, fortunately for the members of the Royal Institution and their friends, considers it his duty to bring before them all points of philosophy that bear illustration; he therefore felt bound to give some account of this point in the chemical history of the identification of diamond and coke, interesting not merely with reference to the possibility of making a diamond, but why both are one substance. It is not uncommon to see a thing in two or three states; in fact, nothing is more common, and yet nothing is more curious. Almost all bodies in nature are susceptible of the three conditions of solidity, fluidity, and the state of vapour—such as ice, water, steam. There are some, however, which do not fall into the general law, but present anomalies—differences more and more strange. Sulphur, for instance, assumes different states and different properties; in one state it is elastic, and in another brittle, and yet the two bodies chemically are precisely the same. We know, but cannot comprehend the fact. It has been attempted to be explained by a difference in the arrangement of atoms, but not satisfactorily to the natural philosopher.

The diamond, diamond coke, plumbago, gas carbon, charcoal, stone coal, are all the same substance—all carbon; and at least three of them most extraordinary and distinct in form, colour, hardness, weight, &c., and more distinct still in a certain power of conducting electricity, to account for which puzzles more than any other. The old experiments of the Florentine Academicians, of Allen, Pepys, and Sir H. Davy—combustion in oxygen, the product, carbonic acid gas—were then introduced. Mr. Faraday burned in a jet of oxygen, black-lead, gas coke, and diamond: the first is infusible at common temperatures; the second burns at a high temperature, but once raised to the point of combustion, goes on burning; the third requires a very high temperature, but similarly burns away in the jet of oxygen, growing less and less. That combustion had occurred, and that the result was the same for each, was evidenced by the effect of the product in lime-water, and the proof of identity is, that equal weights of these three bodies give the same quantities of carbonic acid. Combustion of the diamond has been effected, too, in the focus of the sun's rays in a large lens, where it was seen to blacken and change before it burned; but it has been converted into coke only between the poles of a powerful battery, and specimens were first seen in this country at the Oxford meeting of the British Association. They had been sent by Roche-Jacquelin, through Dumas, to Faraday, by the hands of Leverrier—what an association of great names in this interesting incident! The specimens were on the table, and Mr. Faraday proceeded to repeat practically M. Jacquelin's process, and to produce another specimen. He attempted the experiment with forty pairs of Grove's, (Jacquelin having employed 100 pairs of Bunsen's battery,) with gas-coke poles, placing the diamond in the cup-formed positive pole, the hottest, as established by Gassiot; the negative being in the shape of a cone, so as to wrap the diamond round with a mantle of fire. The diamond was so perfect an insulator, that, even with the great power used when the point of the wire-pole was placed on it, there was no current, but under the coke cone, when, the difficulty owing to the driving away of the flame by the diamond being overcome, it was enveloped in flame, it softened, and opened out like a cauliflower under the intense heat, electricity passed through it like



a supernatural power, and the conversion was successfully performed. Few persons present will ever forget the burning diamond, the diamond converted into coke, or the operator. The latter passed on to what he termed an episode,—the fusion of rock crystal, first effected by Gaudin; and rock crystal was fused in a flame of oxygen and ether, drawn into threads, like glass, separating and adhering together again in heat.

Mr. Faraday next directed attention to the curious inquiry,—in what respect do the changes affect the diamond? It is a lighter body when converted, (the specific gravity of the diamond being 3.518, diamond coke being 2.679), a substance strangely opened out, and yet perfectly continuous throughout. Diamond coke is a conductor of electricity. It is not so hard as diamond, and is a black, opaque, bulky substance. The specimens were shown at Oxford to Mr. Nasmyth, who has since found that coke cuts glass; not scratches only, but truly cuts; and Mr. Faraday also suggested whether powdered coke may not be employed in lieu of diamond dust for polishing stones, &c.

The real change Professor Graham conceives to be due to specific heat; he thinks that much less heat is combined in the mass of the diamond coke than in the diamond. Mr. Faraday attributes the cause of the conversion to the strange powers, the diamagnetic conditions, &c., that exist in the electric force as applied to the diamond; for the operation requires the flame to be concentric, with the diamond directly upon it, and enveloping it, as it were, with a garment of power; suggesting this, however, only because of the paucity of knowledge upon this point. The possibility of the converse, changing coke into diamond, is advanced a step by Roche-Jacquelin's discovery of the conversion of diamond into coke.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, June 14th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—F. Waget, New Inn Hall, S. Sturges, Magdalen Hall, A. L. White, Balliol, W. Money Kyrie, Oriel, grand compounders; W. J. Dare, New Inn Hall; Rev. J. Horn, Balliol; J. W. Burgon, fellow, C. Y. Crawley, Oriel; Rev. H. J. Livius, Edm. Hall; Rev. S. H. Archer, G. Sedon, Rev. C. Garvey, W. Keating, Exeter; H. C. Smith, Wadham; Rev. G. J. Banner, Rev. F. E. Marshall, Rev. W. Harvey, Brasenose; Rev. W. J. Trevelyan, Trinity; Rev. J. E. Millard, Magdalen; C. J. Stuart, University; R. A. Le Mesurier, G. W. Pearce, Scholars of Corpus; J. J. G. Graham, Queen's; Rev. A. C. Saunders, Pembroke.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Samuel, Exeter, grand compounder; T. O. Tudor, G. W. Pigott, G. Porter, Exeter; H. D. Munro, New Inn Hall; C. E. Freeman, C. R. Rowlatt, G. Bishop, J. J. Chichester, Magdalen Hall; W. B. Findlay, W. Molyneux, C. C. Plowden, M. Blackett, Christ Church; H. Hodgson, J. G. Curtler, Wadham; E. D. Hall, Pembroke; W. D. Macray, Magdalen; A. J. W. Philip, Trinity; C. A. Molony, T. Tutting, Lincoln; H. L. Roberts, Worcester; H. Seymour, E. St. John Parry, Balliol; P. O. Papillon, University; E. Palin, fellow, J. E. Gibson, St. John's; H. P. Edwards, S. G. Rees, Jesus; C. M. Robins, Oriel.

Oxford, June 17th.—*Camden Medallist*.—The Camden medal for the best exercise composed in Latin hexameter verse, subject, "Iona Insula," has been awarded to A. F. Birch, of King's College.

The *Members' Prizes* for dissertations in Latin have been adjudged as follows:—

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Subject, "De arturo Britannorum Principe, utrum aliquis veri Memorie traditum sit," to A. Elwyn, Trinity College.

*Undergraduates*.—"In cultu dizino quanam sint Musice partes," A. W. Headlam, Trinity College.

The *Chancellor's English Medallist*.—The gold medal conferred annually upon a resident undergraduate, who shall compose in English the best ode or poem in heroic verse, was awarded to G. J. Cayley, of Trinity College. Subject, "The Death of Baldr."

#### THE "CRYSTAL CLOCK-WATCH."

We promised to give a more particular description of the watch (we have named Crystal, for the sake of brevity) exhibited at the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and belonging to Mr. Butterworth, the eminent Law Bookseller and Publisher in Fleet Street. That gentleman kindly permitted us to examine, and, still more to the purpose, the Director, Captain Smyth, was enabled to submit it to the inspection of Mr. Valliomy, of Pall Mall, whose account of the unique mechanism we have the satisfaction to subjoin.

The watch is altogether a splendid and elegant piece of workmanship. It is of nearly a perfect octahedral form, oblong, about three inches in length and two in breadth. The case is solid rock crystal of the purest transparency. The lower case (in which the works are contained) is above an inch in depth, and when open looks very much like a small beautiful salt-cellar. The upper portion is merely a lid, of similar crystal, set in a rim of silver-gilt, which fits into a similar rim or ring round the lower case. The surfaces on both sides are deeply cut, so as to present similar convex brilliant-shapes of great lustre in reflecting and refracting the rays of light which fall upon them. The face of the dial, and an arabesque border (silver-gilt) set into the upper lid, are in the finest Louis Quatorze style; and there is, indeed, every reason to believe that the watch was a personal appendage to the "Grand Monarque." Such is the legend attached to it, and Mr. Butterworth is taking every means in his power to trace the ownership. But this fact is of little antiquarian consequence, as the date of the construction of this singular curiosity cannot be doubtful, and the bell to which Mr. Valliomy alludes is visible under the face, and is so large as to cover all the mechanism below. We now subjoin that gentleman's description:—

"This clock-watch, showing the hours only, was made in Germany, as the name of the place where made, 'Lubeck,' sufficiently shows. The name of the maker is indistinct, being in part obliterated."

"That this was originally made with a pendulum-spring is shown by the pendulum spring stud, and the regulator, technically termed the slide, which are evidently coeval with the rest of the work. This circumstance affords some clue for ascertaining the age. From the manner in which the fusee is cut, the bottom of the grooves being flat, it is probable that it originally went with a chain. The chain now in use is certainly not the original one, being much too thin for the grooves in the fusee, and consequently weaker,—a great defect in the chain of a watch. The construction is the same as that of all the watches made at the same period,—with the vertical escapement, and the number of blows struck regulated by a locking wheel, which makes one revolution in twelve hours: a construction employed for great clocks at the present time, and for which it is certainly the best. The arrangement of the work, with the bell under the dial, is, as far as I am able to offer an opinion, perfectly unique. There are several very beautiful specimens of old watches of this description in crystal cases in existence, but this one is by far the largest and most perfect I ever saw."

#### THE GUNPOWDER CONTROVERSY.

Sir,—The Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his recent communications to the Society of Antiquaries on the subject of gunpowder, afforded several listeners, and myself amongst the number, no inconsiderable consolation in the conviction that, notwithstanding the dangerous nature of the material so discursively commented upon, the reverend antiquary will assuredly never set the Thames on fire. The report in the last number of your journal is very correct; but, being one of those present when Mr. Hunter attempted to reply to Mr. Wright's paper, I was surprised to find that his defence was totally inconsistent with his own essay, as published in the *Archæologia*. Mr. Wright shows that gunpowder was known in Europe in the thirteenth century, and he produces several proofs of undoubted authenticity to prove that it was used constantly at the commencement of the fourteenth century. Mr. Hunter says, in reply, that he was confining his attention to the use of the explosive material in the English army. But let us hear his own previously published words:—"It being now established that in the year 1346, the explosive property of gunpowder was applied in England for the purposes of war, it becomes a question of some curiosity whether this idea originated in the English

\* The maker's name, by the by, is, as far as legible, "Nicolas Si-enaur, Lubeck," to which we find a query attached to the paper, "Knockenaur?"

army, or whether we but availed ourselves of a practice which other nations before us had adopted. On this question, having nothing to add to what has been so diligently collected by many other writers, I shall content myself with observing, that any earlier use of the gun by other nations are (?) faint and perhaps uncertain." Mr. Hunter than actually refers to Munster, and assigns the first use of gunpowder to the year 1350. Now, I ask you, Mr. Editor, whether any writer, having made use of such decisive language, can consistently defend himself from the charge of being utterly unacquainted with the early history of the subject on which he was treating?

J. C. R.

[We have no hesitation in printing the above letter, having been at the pains to bestow a careful perusal on Mr. Hunter's paper in the last volume of the *Archæologia*, and convinced ourselves that no ingenuity of language can blink the fact that, when that essay was published, Mr. Hunter was wholly unacquainted with the recent discoveries respecting the early use of gunpowder on the Continent. There are Mr. Hunter's own recorded words, and each reader can judge for himself. We cannot, however, help remarking on the strange deficiency of judgment exhibited by the Society of Antiquaries in placing before the public a paper written with so much pretension, but really containing no facts of importance; and not only useless, but showing so little reading, as to render it a mark of ridicule for any foreign archæologists who might be disposed to consider the *Archæologia* as the criterion of British Antiquarian science. We sincerely hope that, ere long, the race of old puddling antiquaries will not be allowed to blot the pages of works which should take a respectable station in our literature.—Ed. L. G.]

Upton Park, Slough, June 19.

Sir,—As you have mentioned my name in your last two numbers,—reporting in the former what was not said at the meeting of the Antiquaries, (at least, not in my hearing, although a remark to the same effect was made to me privately when the meeting was over); and as you have omitted, in the latter number what I did say, I have only, I am sure, to appeal to your spirit of fair dealing, to insure the insertion of these remarks in your next number, and I do so as much for the sake of Sir Harris Nicolas as for my own. At the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries held on June 1st, I remarked that Sir H. Nicolas, in his second volume of the *History of the Royal Navy*, had mentioned that Barbour states, in his *Acts of Robert Bruce*, that two novelties, one of which was, in all probability, a species of cannon, called by him "craksy," (plural), were seen in the army with which Edward III. invaded Scotland in 1327. A receipt for making "le krake," or rather the gunpowder for the Crake, is given by Sir Harris from a MS. of the fourteenth century, (vol. ii. p. 184.)

I also stated that Sir Harris further remarks that there is indisputable evidence of the existence of cannon before 1325-6, when iron balls or shot were made for cannon, of metal, for the use of the Florentine Republic, and further, that cannon were certainly used in October, 1330, at the siege of Cambray. The authority for these last two statements is Monsieur Lacabane, who has lately printed the documents from the originals. If the reader will turn to the word "craksy," in Jamieson's *Etymological Scotch Dictionary*, he will find ample proof that the "craksy" were guns; and they are spoken of as hakebuttes by an old English writer, the author of "Somerset's Expedition" in *Dalgely's Fragments*. Were I not fearful of encroaching upon your columns, I could enter into this subject a little farther, but I have said enough to draw attention to it. I do not know why any doubt should remain upon the subject, as cannon were certainly known on the Continent several years before. I am happy to have elicited a correction of an important error which Sir Harris seems to have made,—viz., mistaking the documents of Richard II. for those of the preceding reign. Truth should, of course, be the object of our researches.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

B. WILLIAMS.

#### BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

June 14.—*Council Meeting*.—Several new associates, including David Urquhart, Esq., M.P., were elected. Mr. Fairless, of Hexham, communicated a descriptive catalogue of Northumbrian Styces in his possession.

sion, found several years since at Hexham. It contains, he stated, many varieties unnoticed in the account of the discovery published by the Society of Antiquaries. Mr. Rolfe exhibited a brass coin, plated with gold, found between Ash and Eastry, in the Isle of Thanet. It appears to have been intended for an imitation of the Roman *aureus*, by some ancient forger. Round a rude head on the obverse, Mr. B. Smith read, *VERVS. IMP. C.*; on the reverse, is a horseman, with spear and some unintelligible letters. Communications were also received from Mr. Barton, of Threxton, on antiquities found at and in the neighbourhood of Wenham, Norfolk; from Mr. Jesse King, with drawings by Mr. George Keet, of medieval pottery, dug up at Abingdon, Berks. Some gold British coins found at Womersley, near Grantham, Surrey, were exhibited.

It was also announced that during some recent excavations at Bittern Manor, on the north-west side bordering the Itchen, the remains of what appeared to be the quay or wharf of the Roman station, (Clauentum,) had been laid open. Mrs. Shedden has very generously ordered the remains to be carefully explored, and has afforded every facility for their examination, to the Association.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.  
*Tuesday.*—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### Sculpture.

MR. GRISON:—when we condemned the head of the statue of her Majesty, exhibited last year, as unlike, it never occurred to us that we should have to refer to Mr. Gibson himself for the confirmation of our judgment in the way he has done by No. 1317, "Marble Bust of her Majesty Queen Victoria." Here he presents us with a portrait of her Majesty, deficient in every attribute by which it should be marked, independently of the neglect of drawing, and the slovenliness of the treatment and execution, most particularly as regards the hair. But content to hold the opinion that the artist is nothing in portraiture, we pass to 1326, a statue in marble, "Aurora stepping upon the earth scattering dew," by the same, where we are again entertained with the fantastic introduction of colour, as in the statue of her Majesty, to which we have alluded; and, notwithstanding the censure that work received from all who can lay any claim to taste in its just sense—namely, the impression upon the finest orders of intellect, in the highest state of cultivation. It is painful, then, to find a repetition of the offence. As soon as ever the sculptor employs colour, so soon does he encroach upon the painter, and overstep the just limit of his art. The eye refuses to convey to the mind that sublime singleness of purpose, which, to our thinking, is the first requisite in sculpture; but, on the contrary, is carried from form of limb to line of colour, until, in its confusion, it rejects the whole, however beautiful the parts may be, and parts of this statue are exquisite. Surely marble is a material cold enough without the introduction of blue. The composition of the figure will forcibly remind the spectator of Canova's "Hebe," though more matured in development. It requires, in fact, the delicate youth, grace, and airy lightness of that beautiful production to preserve the character the Greeks have given to Morning. The drapery bulging over the left hip is as ugly as the word we use.

1318, "Marble Bust of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," N. M. Burnard. We are quite sure that this is a most unfavourable likeness of his little highness, or the hope for the adult, judging from the boy, would be small indeed. The marble, execution, and cerated pedestal, say very little for its author's taste.

1319, "Bust of H. R. H. Prince Alfred," Mrs. Thorncroft. We know not if this be like, but cer-

tain we are that it is very preferable as a work of art to the "Prince of Wales," though, had they been other than her Majesty's children, they might have been upon the corner of a shelf, and passed unnoticed.

1320, "Dancing Girl reposing," Marshall; executed for the Art-Union of London. Having spoken of this before, and at some length, we have only to add, the marble exceeds the model. 1332, "Cupid captive," a nymph carrying the young god by the wings, and when carefully studied will make a beautiful group; but at present there is a clumsiness about the limbs, especially the lower, nor can the line of the neck be correct. We remember in the model of the "Dancing Girl" a defect of the same kind, though now we fail to trace it. 1354, "A Drawing-room Chimney-piece, illustrating parts of Shakspeare, Milton, and Ovid." The representation of the Seven Ages, in the frieze, entirely by children of the same age, may be very funny and amusing; yet it is a very questionable proceeding on the part of the artist. The pilasters are formed by Milton's "Il Penseroso" and "l'Allegro." The work, we believe, is to grace the drawing-room of Miss Burdett Coutts, and is one of the most elaborate things of the kind produced in England, though we could well wish the architectural portion of the work had been lighter, for the sake of harmony. 1361, "The Last Drop," a young satyr drinking, is the last of Mr. Marshall's works; it is a very quaint design, and capably carried out.

1321, "A Marble Statue of Henry Jephson, M.D.," Hollins. A public testimonial to him, and to be placed in the Jephson Gardens at Leamington. The statue is unfinished, and, therefore, we can judge of little more than the design and arrangement. The head we presume to be completed, and regret that, with the many fine examples we have of the way in which Chantry treated the heads of his statues, that so little notice should have, in this instance, been taken of them.

1322, "Statue in marble of Mary Magdalene;" and 1324, "Fox and Cubs," J. Gott. It is said in Rome, that this artist makes his brutes men, and his men brutes; yet, without bowing to that opinion, it may be well to wish more had been done for 1322.

1325, "The Nymph Eucharis and Cupid," from the "Télémaque" of Fénelon, R. J. Wyatt. The execution of this group is certainly not surpassed by any work here, and reflects the greatest credit upon its accomplished author. It is fully equal in composition to a group we remember most vividly, "Hylas surprised by the Nymphs;" and in careful finish may take a place beside the "Penelope" in her Majesty's collection at Windsor. At the same time, we must confess the most perfect production of the year to be his "Marble Figure of the Infant Bacchus," 1323. True it is, that there is neither great power required for the conception, nor displayed in the composition of such a subject; yet we find, as we have stated before, that *oneness* in the arrangement which always produces the most pleasing emotions in the beholder.

1328, "Lavinia," J. M. Spence. Before a figure is produced in marble, it is fair to presume that, from the time the model is completed, there would be something like a careful examination of the proportions at least, to say nothing of detail, in order that they might be corrected. Not so here, for the want of that attention is really painful, and the dumpyness utterly destroys the sentiment.

1329, "Marble group of a Fawn and the Infant Bacchus," H. de Triqueti. There is very much of the character of the antique in this group, and vast time must have been consumed in producing it in marble, as well as the possession of great skill on the part of the sculptor; it is really excellent. 1418, 1419, 1420, by the same artist, are vases in bronze, surrounded by bas-reliefs, and extremely elegant in form.

1330, "Innocence," J. H. Foley. This beautifully wrought work was offered in the Art-Union competition, when the election fell upon Mr. Marshall, and when we had to publish before the decision could be known, we stated that the prize must rest between the two. Mr. Foley greatly improves upon

acquaintance, and if a few more like him, who are really an honour to our School, would have the courage to refrain from sending to this Exhibition for a few years, it would do more to force from the Academy a better place for the reception of sculpture than all the writing and talking in the world. Let the Exhibition depend upon the Academicians alone; if it had, it would, at all events, have been a pitiful affair this year.

1331, "Statue of Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart.," F. Thrupp. This is a very feeble attempt indeed; when we noticed a clever and spirited sketch by Weekes, last year, we feared a failure of this kind; or, let us now refer to 1348, a sketch by Marshall, modelled for the same competition, and the judgment of the committee may be very fairly questioned.

1344, "The Lamentation of Hagar," W. Jackson, deserves a good word and a purchaser.

1350, "The Poet in Solitude," J. Hancock. For one so young, this gives earnest of better things, as does his cabinet group of "Una and the Lion"—when will artists find another subject—there is a worthy sentiment, but it is carelessly done and disproportionate.

1363, "Marble Statue of the late Marquis of Hastings," for his Mausoleum at Malta, J. G. Lough. 1377, "Posthumous Bust of S. Solly, Esq.," the same. This eminent artist has, by his greatest works during the season, attracted as much public attention and admiration to his own Studio as a whole Exhibition could do; and as we have criticised them, *in loco*, we have little now to observe. The design for Lord Hastings' monument is finely composed, with appropriate accessories. The statue itself is dignified, and the general effect impressive.

1370, W. Behnes. Mr. Behnes exhibits six busts; and we, as usual, must repeat ourselves—namely, that every year may be found, in all his contributions, productions in which he is successful in a greater degree than most of his competitors. 1393, "Sir George Seymour," and 1448, "Sir John Swinburne," are treated with great judgment; 1440, "Alderman Moon," is also excellent.

1375, 1399, 1403, 1471, J. Durham. The last is a pretty medallion, and the preceding three as fine likenesses and as artistic busts as have been seen within these walls. The late Sir David Pollock will be sadly recalled to his many friends by this striking resemblance; and the Lord Chief Baron will live for ever in the marble which presents him at once with perfect fidelity and elevated character. Of "Jenny Lind" (1403) we have frequently spoken; and all the world can now judge if we have spoken only the truth when we described this bust as the only work of art true to the lineaments of the woman and the expression of the enchantress.

1414, "The Rainbow," T. Woolner. When we discountenance colour being employed by sculptors, what shall be said of one who attempts to model it? This artist, being so highly imaginative, will, perhaps, next year oblige us with the model of a sigh.

Weekes:—We have always given this artist great praise for his busts, and must certainly continue it this year for his very excellent marble, 1467, of "The Dowager Countess of Dunmore."

[We find we must still keep a small corner to wind up our Review of this year's R.A.]

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRANCE.

Paris, June 20th.

EVER since our last elections—which, truth to say, attested a most deplorable indifference, for in Paris alone 164,000 electors abstained from voting—ever since that period we have enjoyed a sort of truce, interrupted here and there by some Napoleonic fantasia. The lower populace—if so be that we have now a lower populace, which proposition nobody would dare to assert very loudly at this moment—is even now fascinated by the name of Napoleon. The shade of the Emperor is seen by these men surrounded by a brilliant halo and a splendid staff, with no end of plumes, no end of embroidery, no end of gilding; with naked swords brandished in the sun's rays, and



flaming helmets, the whole duly accompanied by flourish of trumpets, cymbals, and *chapeaux Chinois*, by which they are deafened and intoxicated. Napoleon is in their eyes the ideal of the warrior chief, of the man who knows how to conquer and subdue rival nations; he is the idol of these worthy folk, for whom Might is an incontestable Right, and Victory an unanswerable Argument. Add to this, that the late Emperor was not partial to talkers, to concoctors of phrases, to *ideologues*, as he called them; and that the populace—the populace whom I mean—has especial good reasons for equally disliking these spouters. It is puzzled by their metaphysics, bored by their slowness, and does not understand their petty, indirect method of attaining an object. \* \* \* For this reason, as I was saying, when amongst our workmen in Paris, and our labourers in the Departments the great and majestic name was hailed—Bonaparte!—there arose, as it were, an *émeute* of enthusiasm. We were all of us—enlightened men that we are—taken by surprise, and could not understand by what miracle the current of liberal ideas had, in the course of a few weeks, brought us to the very threshold of despotism. To-day this phenomenon has lost much of its gravity; the imperialist caprice has vanished as it came, and has left but one feeling of regret in the minds of honest people, which is, that the *Citizen Louis Napoleon* did not accept, in the National Assembly, the seat which was offered to him. Cleverer men than he is have failed in this definitive test of their capacities.\*

This mob of Pretenders has, at all events, produced a capital caricature; and since you notice those of your countryman, H. B., I will venture to give you some account of this one. It is divided into two compartments. In the one it is easy to recognise, by his naval uniform and his Gallic cock perched on the left shoulder, our ex-High Admiral, Prince de Joinville. He seems to offer himself for the suffrage of the people, and thus embodies his claims—*Je suis l'oncle de mon neveu!* You are aware that the Comte de Paris was heir presumptive to the crown of France.

In the other compartment is seen, in the dress of the Emperor Napoleon, even to his boots and famous diminutive hat, a young man whom it is equally easy to recognise, by the eagle he carries on his wrist as a tamed falcon. This other candidate exclaims—*Je suis le neveu de mon oncle!*

Here is, however, for the benefit of all ambitious minds, the recipe given by one of our *feuilletonistes*, to become President or First Consul of the Republic:—"To aim at empire, publish a pamphlet; purchase a young eaglet, a morsel of raw meat, and trust to fortune as Cæsar did." You may purchase the eaglet from one of those vendors of powders for cleaning candlesticks, to be met with on the *quais*. A butcher for twopence furnishes the viand. You then place the cat's-meat on a cocked hat, and the cocked hat on your head. The eaglet forthwith stoops thereon and devours the bait. Populations struck with astonishment open their arms—and the trick is done. You are a President.

I have but little to say of our literary men, who, one and all, have rushed headlong into politics. M. Cousin writes letters to the Italians, encouraging them to crown Charles Albert King of Upper Italy. M. Cousin seems thus to court the same proscription which befel M. Mignet, who was dismissed from his functions as *Directeur des Archives* in consequence of his having countenanced the monarchical party in Lombardy.

Another dismissal, which has created some sensation, is that of M. A. de Musset. M. de Musset, author of poems somewhat light in their character, and of slight comedies or *Proverbes* of rather aristocratical tendencies, had been provided by M.

Duchâtel with a snug little sinecure. Under the pretence that there were in a room of the Ministry of the Interior a certain number of volumes,—which, by the way, were never in requisition for anybody,—he was appointed Librarian of that Ministry, and received, without ever setting his foot in the building, a salary of about 100*l.* a-year. This is the emolument of which he is deprived; and the press of the Opposition has hastened to raise a clamour on the matter. They are wrong thus to take up the question, for the measure is, in itself, a just one; and it would be no less just to present M. de Musset with a pension of equivalent value out of the funds specially destined to men of letters; for he is, after all, one of our most original and most amiable authors.

In the theatres there is literally nothing new. You ought to be well aware of this, for our actors have taken by dozens the high road to London; and, by the way, you have not welcomed them with as much good grace as we evinced in our reception of Macready and Miss Helen Fancit. We must, however, make allowances for altered circumstances. Our railroad workmen exhibited great injustice and great brutality in their expulsion of their English brethren, and it is but natural that this should have led to retaliation and to the punishment of an evil action. True it is, that a surer and nobler revenge would have been exacted by adopting a directly opposite course. This, I am certain is also your opinion.

[We so expressed it as strongly as we could; and as the same has been done in every respectable quarter, the shame instead of attaching to the country, attaches to a contemptible clique whom the laws of the country will punish for their offence.—Ed. L. G.]

#### NOTES FROM ABROAD.

*Travels in East Africa.*—Dr. Peters has just returned from a journey to East Africa, undertaken by command of the King of Prussia, and in which he has been engaged since September, 1842. His companions from Lisbon, for Angola and Mozambique, were 250 convicts for transportation to the Portuguese-African colonies; and after a voyage of more than eighty days, he landed at St. Paolo de Loando, capital of the kingdom of Angola, and employed six weeks in making excursions into the interior, to Mozambique and the interior of the island, and also the continent of Quillimania. Zanzibar, and the islands of Comoro were explored, and a fine collection of natural history was sent to Berlin and Lisbon in May, 1844. Saved from death by fever, by the captain of an English man-of-war, who took him to the Cape of Good Hope, he returned to Madagascar, and collected specimens of the curiosities which abound in that remarkable island. In November, 1844, he proceeded to the Portuguese Senna, and thence across the Lupata mountains to Tette, the most remote Portuguese settlement in this territory, which is 4000 square miles in extent. Hence he made excursions to the Cataract of Caurabessa, to the gold-mines of Machinga and Macanza, and the Monomotapa. He passed nearly two years in the interior of this country; and, on the 1st of May, 1846, set out on his return for Mozambique. He then visited the harbours of Inhambane, Safala (the ancient Ophir), and Lorenzo Marquet. In 1847, he explored the island of Querimba, north of Mozambique, situated in 10-12° S. latitude; and on the 20th September, 1847, reached the east coast of Africa, after an absence of four years and a half. From Africa, he proceeded to Damam, Bombay, and Goa, passed about two months and a half in India, and returned to Europe by way of Egypt, after an absence of about five years and a half.

*The Naturalists and Physicians of Germany.*—The twenty-sixth anniversary meeting of these gentlemen, from every part of Germany, is postponed for this year, though the meeting last summer at Aix-la-Chapelle was very interesting. So much for the strife which distracts the Continent, and ruins the progress of science and literature.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*James Watt, Esq.*, the last surviving son of the celebrated man to whose genius the world is mainly indebted for the powerful development of steam, and its splendid application to mechanical locomotion, died about a fortnight since, in the eightieth year of his age. He was of an intellect and strength of mind worthy of his sire, and, in union with the late Mr. Boulton at Soho, made numerous improvements on preceding inventions, and struck out new applications of the prodigious force which formed the source of the irresistible action thus modified to every useful purpose and manufacturing and commercial agencies. Mr. Watt published many papers on engineering and other cognate subjects. He was truly a man of vast comprehension; and a fine specimen of the class near the head of which he stood. The enlarger of national industrial resources, with a masculine understanding, practical, liberal, and generous, he filled every part of his station in life with honour to himself and benefit to his fellow creatures. His talents and toils were rewarded with ample fortune, and he died the possessor of ample estates in Wales; on which he was beloved by his tenantry, as he had been before held in the highest esteem by his phalanx of workmen at the Cyclopean establishment of Soho, the wonder visited for many years by every traveller in England. We talk of revolutions! James Watt and his father are among the foremost of those who have revolutionized the world; ten thousand degrees more than ever did Robespierre, Louis Philippe, the republicans of last February, the mobs of Berlin or Vienna, or the lazzaroni of Naples. Would that all revolutions resembled those of the steam-engine!

*Thomas Steele, Esq.*, better known familiarly, and we may add in kindness, as Tom Steele, died, on the 15th, at Peel's Coffee House, whither he had been removed from the hospital, after his lamentable attempt at suicide, by throwing himself into the river from Waterloo Bridge. Mr. Steele was a gentleman, a liberally educated scholar, and possessed of a fine, warm and generous disposition, bordering on that spirit of enthusiasm which is so intractable and so dangerous. It seldom leads to fame, though great fame was never acquired without it; and we are afraid we must add, that it still more seldom leads to happiness. For good it is but a flickering beacon; for evil a mischievous and misleading *ignis fatuus*. Before, and even whilst it betrayed poor Tom Steele amid the quagmires of politics and fathomless bogs of faction, he evinced a taste for literature, and dashed occasionally into matters connected with it, with the same ardent eccentricity which he displayed in other pursuits. One object to which he adhered with dogged resolution was the getting up of a monument to Milton; but it was by flights and starts, till at last he was seduced from all peaceful and rational pursuits to take a leading part in the distractions of his native land. He might have been an ornament to society: he lived a troubled life; was, we firmly believe, as far as his reason served, a true patriot; was ruined in his fortunes; and perished in poverty, and almost a suicide.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—On Tuesday, *Don Pasquale* was performed for the first time this season, with Mme. Tadolini as *Norina*, Labocetta as *Ernesto*, Belletti as *Doctor Malatesta*, and Lablache in his famous part of *Don Pasquale*. We have always considered this as the best of Donizetti's lighter compositions; the music is just of the pleasing easy style throughout to suit the subject and entertain the audience, and at the same time charm the ear and delight the mind by the genius displayed in the music. The first aria, "Bella siccome un angelo," was admirably sung by Belletti, as indeed was everything he touched in the opera; Labocetta is heard to disadvantage in such a large house; from the exertion necessary to his singing his tone is occasionally flat; the "Come gentil" was but inefficiently done. Tadolini contrives, with a voice considerably faded, to give one a tolerable idea of what the part of *Norina* might

\* We fancy we could throw some light on this matter. If Citizen Louis Napoleon could readily have raised funds to repay the expenditure of his friends in Paris for his election, *et cetera*, and carry on their views with the *sine qua non* in abundance, it is possible that he might have taken his seat. But the sinews of war could not be made immediately forthcoming.—Ed. L. G.

be made. Lablache was, as ever, the inimitable old beau, singing the music capitally, especially the duet "Aspetta, aspetta," with Belletti. On the whole, the performance of this opera was, perhaps, better than anything done this season; the orchestra was managed with more consideration for the vocal music and showed more taste than heretofore.

*Robert le Diable*, although one of the finest productions of the genius of Meyerbeer, may date its present popularity amongst Englishmen from the day when it furnished the theme for introducing Jenny Lind to them. It is, therefore, no wonder that, Thursday last, on its first representation this year, an enthusiastic audience crammed the Opera House, who, together with the sweet favourite, appeared to relish the music with a pleasure, as it were, multiplied by the recollection of her former triumphs. Indeed, *Alice* sang charmingly; and occasionally, in "Quando lascia," &c., embellished the splendid music with such exquisite taste and perfect execution, that the singer seemed gifted with the power of extending, at her will, the inspirations of the poet into infinite variety without palling the ear. A novel feature of the evening consisted in some changes in the cast. Labocetta, for Gardoni in the part of the *Minstrel*, upon which we are not prepared to offer an opinion, inasmuch as the unyielding orchestra completely drowned his rather weak voice;—of Gardoni for Fraschini, as *Roberto*, whose acting and singing, for sweetness and correctness of tone, were truly delightful. The soft, fresh quality of his voice suits the character well, (engaging our sympathies in his favour,) and stands admirably in opposition to the demoniacal outbreaks of his fiendish enemies. With Staudigl as *Bertram*, the cast would have been almost perfect. Those three voices would have embodied so well the leading idea of the composer, the contention of Heaven and Hell for frail humanity. Unfortunately, Signor Belletti is not equal to cope with Staudigl. His voice is powerful, certainly, but very unequally managed. This is the case in the trio in the third act, and duet with *Alice*. His acting, too, is too rough for the seducing demon. Truth to say, he was a drawback. The Queen was present, which, in the opinion of some uncourteous persons, was a pretext for hailing the "National Anthem," and forcing, by dint of unmannerly perseverance, the Queen from her retreat. This is a pity. We may prove our loyalty without thrusting it as an ungracious exhibition, and confining royalty to solitude, or the unceasing duties of a tedious pageant.

*Covent Garden—Royal Italian Opera—La Gazza Ladra* was given for the first time this season on Thursday, with Grisi in her well-known *Ninetta*, Tamburini as *Fernando*, in which he is equally celebrated; Mario as the young officer *Giannetto*, Alboni as *Pippo*, Tagliafico as the *Fabrizio*, Marini as the *Podesta*, and Lavia as the *Jew Pedlar*. This is the same cast as last season in the most important parts, and remarkably effective, the only weak point in it, if we may be so critical, being the part of the *Podesta*, which, though it lacked the amusing acting of the character, was very effectively sung, especially in the concerted music. Tamburini's *Fernando* is altogether a fine performance. Grisi is the same as ever, singing with unrivalled brilliancy: her beautiful cadences and sparkling roudades give one the idea of strings of brilliants. The overture was played with such wonderful brilliancy and effect as to make the *encore* inevitable, and several vocal parts of the opera were repeated, as the "Nume benefico," the duet by Alboni and Grisi in the prison-scene, the quintet in the second act, "Che abisso." The finale of the first act was superbly done; indeed the whole opera was given in a style never yet surpassed. The last act of the *Romeo and Juliet* afforded the crowded audience the satisfaction of hearing Garcia; and the entertainment ended at a very late hour with a selection from the ballet of *La Fête des Fleurs*.

*French Plays.*—Having expressed a decided opinion on the row at Drury Lane, and repeating that we quite agree with the remarks of our Paris correspondent this day, we will now—speaking of M.

Dumas as an author only, whether from Timbuctoo, or Surrey, or anywhere—say that his work has proved a perfect failure—a long, dull, boring affair, and two nights of it. Fancy a broken mirror treating your disjointed vision to the component parts of an ugly face! There was scarcely anybody to look at it, and these chiefly foreigners, who applauded most lustily. Still there was the melancholy fact, and Dantes' prison proved one of those—

"Deep solitudes and awful cells"

we sometimes hear of. And thus poor Christo will pass through town like a soda-water bottle, beginning with an awful explosion and then settling down into insipidity. Still, in justice, we must say the acting was good. M. Melingue is in earnest, and in a stirring play would carry his audience with him; perhaps a little given to ranting, even in prison-depths, where, after years of incarceration, he should have been habitually circumspect. Mme. Lacrosoniere was very impressive, and we had an amusing little bit of drunkenness. The music is partly by the author of "Mourir pour la patrie," Varney. We liked it, and thought it original and interspersed with many pleasing melodies.

*Haymarket.*—On Tuesday, Vanbrugh's comedy of *The Confederacy* was produced, for the benefit of Miss Julia Bennett, who performed *Corinna* with great spirit. Mrs. Keeley, as the soubrette, *Flippanta*; Mrs. Glover as *Mrs. Amlot*; and Tilbury, Farren, Wigan, and Webster, in the male parts, sustained the play to admiration; and the fair lady had a bumper and delighted house. It gives us pleasure to see it announced, that on Monday the Queen and Prince Albert patronise native talent, represented by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who take their benefit on that evening.

*Princess's.*—*The Spirit of Gold*, a new three act domestic drama, from the pen of Mr. G. H. Rodwell, was brought out at this theatre on Saturday last with complete success. It is of the celebrated *Victorine*, or *I'll sleep on it*, school—the chief incidents of the piece passing in a dream; the difference being, that in this case the dreamer is of the masculine gender. There is much powerful language in the drama; and some of the situations are essentially melodramatic and effective; it is, moreover, very well acted in the principal parts by Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Conway, Mr. James Vining, and Mr. Fisher; and the comic business is entrusted to Miss Emma Stanley and Mr. Oxberry. The result is very satisfactory, for the "points" are made without let or hindrance; and *The Spirit of Gold* is so appreciated by the audience, that the applause at the fall of the curtain is unanimous and sincere. It is, altogether, one of the best of this description of plays that has been produced for some time.

*Vauxhall Gardens.*—The extreme beauty of the weather during the last week has crowded this place of amusement with company. The past week has introduced a new attraction to the already numerous entertainments given. Pell, the American bone-player and vocalist, celebrated as the *primo buffo*, so long located at the St. James's Theatre, with the Ethiopian serenaders, has returned to England from America, bringing with him five clever "darkies," who sing various songs and glees with great taste and correctness. Among them is the youth "Juba," described by Dickens, in his *American Notes*, and a *genius*, in the fullest sense, as a vocalist, and tambourine player. The colossal picture of Constantinople, surrounded by Darby's pyrotechnic display, presents much grandeur of effect, fully justifying the high reputation of Vauxhall in that department. The lovers of the *dance* are attended to, by the extension of the spacious platform, and under the direction of Mr. Robert Wardell, (the lessee;) and an evening spent at Vauxhall is in fine weather much enjoyed by the admirers of this kind of *al fresco* entertainment.

*Cremorne Gardens.*—At this now elegant place of suburban amusement, Mr. Ellis, the untiring proprietor, provided a new style of performance for the public during the past week, which, when carried out a

little more clearly, will, doubtless, attract many thousand visitors to his charming grounds. The entertainment is entitled, *Britanniarum, or the Aquatic Tournament*, introducing in *propria persona* our tutelar genius, and a number of her tributaries, before whom are performed various exercises of strength and skill, such as gladiatorial feats, racing on the water, swimming for prizes, diving for pearls, walking the oscillatory pole, and other pastimes, which tend to show how our fathers of old exhibited their muscular powers and finesse. The notion was cleverly conceived, and, with the advantage which repetition affords, will take high rank in our summer amusements. The whole finished with a Tournament and grand combat on the water. The usual entertainments of Cremorne then commenced with the concert, in which Laurent's admirably disciplined orchestra, conducted by himself, performed some of the choicest music of the day in a masterly manner. The ballet of *Telemachus in the Island of Calypso* succeeded, in which Louise Blanche, La Petite Ryan, and others, exhibited some very graceful dancing; after which the general festivities of the evening began, and the visitors indulged in the pleasures of the dance on the large platform for that purpose. A pleasing display of fireworks terminated the entire amusements.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

GENIUS.

(A Fragment, from an unpublished Poem.)

Of does an unshap'd glorious thought  
Rise in the ideal blest,  
And like a dream for ever fade,  
Ere it can be express'd;  
Just as the wave unpounded high,  
With curl'd and foamy crest,  
Sinks down again in ocean deep,  
To its eternal rest!

'Tis in the soul where Genius dwells  
Those meteor thoughts arise,  
\*Like phosphorent light upon the wave  
That rolls 'neath sunny skies;  
This part of God! this unseen Sun!  
Mankind too seldom prize,  
Yet does it oftentimes gild a thought  
That never, never dies!

'Tis like a beacon on a hill,  
By it our path we find;  
'Tis like a light upon the sea,  
Past shoals by it we wind;  
It sheddeth universal light  
Throughout the world of mind!  
Imperishable! it remains  
"For all time" with mankind.  
The Almighty said, "Let there be light,"  
And o'er the world it shone!  
He to dispel our mental night  
Sent Genius from his throne,  
'Tis undefinable as space!  
(The infinite unknown),  
Through it a revelation of  
Almightiness is shown!

WM. WILSON.

\* This we fear is a simile of dissimilitude; but the original thought is so poetic that we pass it by.—ED.

## VARIETIES.

*M. Von Martins*, the celebrated Brazilian traveller, (in conjunction with the late M. Von Spix,) and whose work on the natural history of that country has proceeded to a considerable extent, in a splendid style, has issued a public appeal, lamenting that the state of affairs has interrupted, if not entirely stopped this noble production. He, it is said, must sell his rich American library; but in such times, even such a sacrifice as that would be unavailing, and we earnestly hope that the exalted and wealthy friends of science and literature in this country will advance to the rescue of so deserving a man and so distinguished an author. We cannot forget the pleasure we received from his visit to London, with his friend, M. Schorn, after his return from the Brazils.

*Danish Vessel.*—An ancient vessel, sixty-six feet long by the keel, has just been dug out of the accumulated mud off the American Wharf Chapel, near Southampton. There are no signs of iron work, and it is supposed (very probably) to be a Danish relic, one of the boats of the Sea-Kings.



*Geology in Russia.*—Galignani's *Messenger* describes (though not in a way to be scientifically understood) the discovery of some strange "mine of stones," near Tobolsk, in Siberia, which bear "a perfect resemblance to diamonds," though not so heavy or hard, yet harder than granite. It is proposed to call the substance *Diamontoide*.

*Richardson's Rock and Steel Band* hardly merits the name of a band, but is more like two pianofortes, both in the sounds and in the arrangement of the bars of whinstone and steel, which are the sources of the music. We believe the steel bars have lately been added, and they allow of greater scope in playing, though the tone emitted is not so vocal as that from the stone. In the arrangement of the bars, which are made to vibrate by being placed, with each end upon a cord made of straw, upon and running the whole length of the instrument—the piano has been taken as the model: the whole tones corresponding to the white keys are on the lowest shelf; the semitones are placed in threes and twos on the next range above, so that any accidental note may be struck as rapidly as on the piano; and it is very surprising to see with what accuracy and finish the instrument is played by the three sons of Mr. Richardson: difficult overtures, and airs with full accompaniment, waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles, are all executed capitally. A similar instrument, on a small scale, has long been used by the New Zealanders, composed of pieces of hard wood threaded on string; and a very old English one of the same kind, whether borrowed or not we cannot say, is well known, upon which many years ago we remember hearing solos played, accompanied by a full band. The whinstone, however, gives a much better tone than wood; it is found in the Skiddaw mountains.

*Grand Ball at Guildhall.*—The use of the Guildhall for the purpose of a ball on the 7th of July next, has been granted to the committee of the Spitalfields School of Design: this is a legitimate and patriotic use; and we trust it will be patronized more liberally than any similar appeal on behalf of foreigners, whose claims cannot be so strong on British sympathies.

*The Bazaar for the benefit of the Governesses' Institution*, during two days this week at Chelsea College, has gone off with *éclat*, and been productive of a considerable sum in aid of this most deserving charity.

*The Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, at a recent meeting, stated that it was prevented from publishing "unpublished and almost unknown Anglo-Saxon manuscripts" by the loss of its funds! and Mr. C. C. Babington, the treasurer, read a paper "Upon the Legendary Adventures of St. Andrew, current amongst the Anglo-Saxons, with a translation of the legend as contained in MSS. preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, and hitherto quite unnoticed," by C. W. Goodwin, M.A. of St. Catharine's Hall.

*Queen's College, Birmingham.*—At a meeting of the Council, with Lord Lyttelton in the chair, it was agreed, upon the report of the sub-committee, to take immediate steps to carry out the provisions of the Supplemental Charter, and also the powers granted under the sign manual—viz., to secure to the inhabitants of Birmingham and midland counties the advantages of a sound yet not expensive university education, with the degrees of bachelor and master of arts, and bachelor and doctor of civil laws, at the University of London. A department of civil engineering is to be formed, and the course of instruction embrace all the principal subjects which are essential to the scientific engineer; and it will likewise be recommended that the students in this department should proceed to the degree of B.A. It is intended also shortly to complete the collegiate arrangements by the addition of a "department of theology" and a "department of laws." The report recommended a series of stringent regulations to prevent the possibility of students incurring debt,—the bane and ruin of studency.

*Berlin.*—In the midst of the great excitement which prevailed at Berlin on the 31st of May, a chapter of the Order of Frederick, for the class of Merit, in the Arts and Sciences, was held in conformity with the statutes, Frederick the Great having ascended the throne on that day 188 years ago. The number of knights of the German nation is thirty. After the customary ceremonies, the insignia vacant by the deaths of Dr. Dieffenbach and Felix Mendelssohn, were conferred upon Knuth and Spohr. It has been observed that Liebig has been again overlooked.

*Vienna Scientific Society.*—A very lively discussion took place at a recent meeting of this Society, which was introduced by Von Hammer Purgstall, on the unmeaning complimentary style used in addressing persons of rank or in office, in German. He contrasted it with the concise, yet far more expressive, manner of the English, who studiously avoided any high-flown language, and adapted their address to the rank of the person to whom they were writing, or the degree of intimacy subsisting between them, whether "My Lord," "Dear Sir," or "Sir." The discussion was taken up with a good deal of spirit and wit, and numerous instances were adduced of the long German titles, some of which excited a good deal of merriment. Unhappily, however, the "highly-born," "the well-born," the "illustrious," and other "distinguished" gentlemen left the question as they found it, being unable to change an ancient custom, grounded as was maintained, in the genius of the German tongue and nation.

*Epigram.*—On seeing in the Arsenal at Constantinople the golden jewelled keys of some miserable Turkish towns:—

Should an enemy seek your possessions to seize,  
Never mind for the cities, but—lock up the keys.

R. F.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*International Copyright.*—Some three weeks since two memorials addressed to Congress praying an amendment of the present law of copyright, one from John Jay, and the other signed by W. C. Bryant, and others, all of the city of New York, were presented to the House of Representatives by Mr. T. Butler King, of Georgia, upon whose motion they were ordered to be referred to a select committee. This committee has only recently been appointed, and, as we learn from a Washington letter, consists of the following gentlemen:—T. Butler King, of Georgia; George P. Marsh, of Vermont; Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania; Horace Mann, of Massachusetts; Isaac E. Morse, of Louisiana; Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama; Alexander D. Sims, of South Carolina; William P. Preston, of Virginia; and Henry C. Murphy, of New York. Most of these gentlemen are well known to the public for the interest which they have taken in advancing the cause of letters. We anticipate, says the *Evening Post*, at their hands an able and elaborate report in favour of amending the present law of copyright, in such a manner as to relieve American authors from the overwhelming competition of unbought foreign literature, and to secure them, also, in the right to furnish translations of their own works. We look to the committee to dispel, at once and for ever, the idle objections which have been urged against an international copyright—a measure necessary alike for the protection of authors, the security of publishers, the advancement of sound morals, the establishment of a national literature, and the vindication of the American character."—*New York Literary World*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annual Register, vol. 89, 1847, 8vo, boards, 15s.  
Bayer's (J. F.) English Repetition, in Prose and Verse, with illustrative notes, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
— with Introductory Remarks, 4s.  
Beardon's (J. F.) Ten Minutes' reading on Canals and Navigable Rivers, 8vo, sewed, 2s. 6d.  
Brookes' Baptismal Regeneration, 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
Brathwaite's Retrospect, vol. 17, Jan. to June, 1848, 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Closing Scene (The), by the author of "The Bishop's Daughter," 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Cochrane's (Rev. J.) Discourses on some peculiar Texts of Scripture, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Deehring's (H.) Essay on Human Happiness, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Devotional Aids, 12mo, sewed, 1s. 6d.  
Doctor (The), by the late Robert Southey, in 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, £1 1s.  
Fowle's (Rev. W.) Memoranda of 1846 and 1847, 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
Francatelli's Modern Cook, 8vo, cloth, new edition, 15s.  
Field's (Rev. J.) Prison Discipline, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, £1.  
Gifford's (J.) Marine Botany, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
Gorham's (Rev. G. C.) Examination by the Bishop of Exeter, 8vo, cloth, 7s.

Grant's (J. G.) Madonna Pia, and other Poems, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
Hook's (Dr.) Meditations and Prayers for every Day in the Year, 2 vols. 32mo, cloth, 5s.  
Hiley's (Rev. R.) Progressive Geography, second edition, 18mo, cloth, 2s.  
Hunter's (Rev. J.) Text Book of English Grammar, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Home for the Holidays, with nine Drawings, by Kenny Meadows, 8vo, 2s. 6d.  
Hawker's (Dr.) Dying Pillow made easy, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Hymns for Public Worship and Private Devotion, 2s. 6d.  
Kembell's (W. H.) Gift of Leisure Hours, fcp. 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Lytton Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii, 12mo, cloth, new edition, 6s.  
Letter (A) addressed to the Church on the First Resurrection, 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Little Gelert's first Lessons in French, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Lovell's Elements of English History, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Morer (D. R.) on Religion and Politics, folscep, 2s. 6d.  
Outline of a History of the British Church, fourth edition, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Pinner's (Rev. W. H.) Analysis of the History of the Reformation, 18mo, boards, 4s.  
Roberts' (S.) Jews, English Poor and the Gipsies, folscep, cloth, 2s.  
Sandby's (Rev. G.) Mesmerism and its Opponents, second edition, 18mo, cloth, 5s.  
Stoddart's (G. H.) New Delectus, second edition, 12mo, boards, 4s.  
Swiss Family Robinson, thirteenth edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Select Songs of Scotland, (Hamilton's edition,) 1 vol. folio, cloth, 16s.  
Stacey's Narrative of Services in Beloochistan and Afghanistan, 8vo, cloth, 9s.  
Squire's Selection of Poetry, third edition, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Tracts for Englishmen, by the author of "Dr. Hookwell," 3s. 6d.  
Thoughts of Peace for the Christian Sufferer, eighth edition, 32mo, cloth, 2s.  
Turner's Sacred History, new edition, vol. 3, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
White's (Rev. J. S.) Anabasis of Xenophon, 12mo, boards, 7s. 6d.  
Whim (A) and its Consequences, 3 vols. post 8vo, boards, £1 11s. 6d.  
Yonge's (Rev. C. D.) Exercises for Latin Verse out of own Sense, 12mo, boards, 4s. 6d.  
— Part I., 12mo, boards, 3s.  
— Part II., 2s. 6d.

#### DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. s.	1848.	h. m. s.
June 24 . . .	12 2 43	June 28 . . .	13 2 54
25 . . .	2 17 1	29 . . .	3 3 6
26 . . .	2 29 7	30 . . .	3 19 8
27 . . .	2 42 2		

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

##### PUBLIC CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

MR. BUCKETT'S proposal to found a Hall for general Charities, opens a very wide field for reflection on the efforts and condition of the already existent multitude of humane and charitable institutions. We do not believe that any one is aware of their number and ramifications; of the claims they prefer and urge for individual and public support; of the means they adopt to obtain, and some of them almost to force, contributions; of the advantages occurring to parties interested in their success, (we speak of a certain and least known class;) of the vast sums levied; of the clashing of competitions injurious to all, and especially to the most deserving; and finally, of the design, system, or management of some, which, so far from entitling them to countenance, ought to doom them to proscription. The subject is a very important one, and it would be an immense public service in any competent person to take it up, and present the country with a true and searching exposé.

We acknowledge the printed abstract of Mr. Athian's lecture on the "expected Comet." It describes the appearance of the comets of 1586 and 1564, and briefly alludes to historical data connected with each. It brings forward, however, every point of doubt as to the identity of the comets above mentioned, to shake belief in, and hope of, its reappearance in 1848-9. We incline to Mr. Hind's views, (see *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1635,) notwithstanding the great name of Halley, quoted by Mr. Athian to support his opinion, and prefer encouraging, rather than discouraging, a good look-out for its return. We go with Mr. Athian entirely in his concluding sentence: "but, in spite of mathematical discrepancies, imperfect instruments, and conflicting data, should the approach of this comet crown the other wonderful occurrences of this eventful year, it will afford another astronomical triumph, as the comet will then have completed its twentieth revolution round the sun since the creation of the world."

Mr. J. Tesoro's "Exposure of a system of swindling," would be more to the purpose if he stated who the swindlers were. We cannot deal against *asterisks*, "Imp"—Possible.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MADLE, JENNY LIND.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**  
The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that a

## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

will take place on **THURSDAY** next, **JUNE** the 25th, 1846, on which occasion **MADLE, JENNY LIND** will have the honour to appear in one of her favourite Characters; with various Entertainments in the Ballet Department, comprising the talents of **Mlle. Carlotta Grisi**, **Mlle. Carolina Rossi**, **Mlle. Marie Taglioni**, **Mlle. Cerito**, &c. &c.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

\* Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Box-office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each, where applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls, and Tickets are to be made.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

On **MONDAY**, the Last Morning Operatic Performance, commencing at Half-past One. **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**, Scene from **LA CENERENTOLA**, and a Scene from **LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA**, and the Grand Ballet of **LA FETE DES FLEURS**.

On **TUESDAY**, June 27th, **LUCEZIA BORGIA** (for the last time this season). Characters by **Mme. Grisi**, **Mlle. Albani**, **Signor Tamburini**, **Signor Marini**, and **Signor Mario**. To conclude with the Ballet of **LA ROSIERA**.

## EXTRA NIGHT—THURSDAY.

On **THURSDAY**, **NORMA** (for the last time this season). After which a Scene from **BETLY**, a Scene from **LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA**, and **FLORA ET ZEPHYR**.

The Performances will commence at Eight o'clock.

**FRIDAY**, July 7, **THE LAST MORNING CONCERT**.

Admission to the Pit, &c. To the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.

Tickets, Stalls and Boxes for the Night or Season, to be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is Open from Eleven till Half-past Five o'clock, and at the principal Libraries and Music Sellers.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

**THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY** is now OPEN. Admission from Eight o'clock till Seven One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling. **JOHN PIESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.**

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

**THE GALLERY**, with a **COLLECTION OF PICTURES** by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, is OPEN daily from Ten till Six o'clock. Admission 1s. Catalogues 1s. **WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.**

**THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS—FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION** NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. Admission, 1s. Catalogues, 6d.

**JAMES FARREY, Secretary.**

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**THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' AND GENERAL FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**, Adelaide Place, London Bridge; 25, Thistle Street, Edinburgh; Great Bridgewater Street, Manchester; Waugh's Buildings and Matthew Street, Liverpool. Empowered by Act of Parliament. The Company transact business in every department of Life and Fire Assurance, in Annuities, Reversions, and Loans.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Actuary—J. T. Clement, Esq.

At the last quinquennial meeting there was added a bonus to the life policies equal to 25 per cent. on the sums paid, and a bonus of 6 per cent. was added to the shares, in addition to the payment of the annual interest.

The following are the annual premiums for the assurance of £100 for the whole life, one half of which may remain for five years before paying the interest annually, at 5 per cent.; and should the policy become a claim in the interim, the amount due will then be deducted.

Age 20, without profits	1 13 0	With profits	1 13 0
30	1 19 0	2 5 0	
40	2 14 3	3 13 0	
50	4 2 4	4 9 6	

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The Company insure houses, furniture, stock in trade, farming stock, and every description of personal property against loss or damage by fire.

The Directors beg to remind their friends whose premiums become due at Midsummer that no extra charge is made at this office for the transfer of policies, and that they will be rated on terms peculiarly favourable to parties ensuring.

Insurance may be effected for any period of time; if for seven years, the premium and duty will only be charged for six years, 1845.

**JOHN BIGG, Sec.**

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Physician—Seith Thompson, M.D.

**NEW RATES OF PREMIUM.**—The Directors of this Society, with the view of meeting the wishes of the large class of persons who prefer the present Advantages of Reduced Premiums to a prospective bonus in the shape of an addition to their Policies, have constructed a new Scale, based on the safest and most approved data viz., the Experience Tables recently compiled by a Committee of Actuaries, from the records of seven years of the leading London offices.

The Society now offers the following advantages:—

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